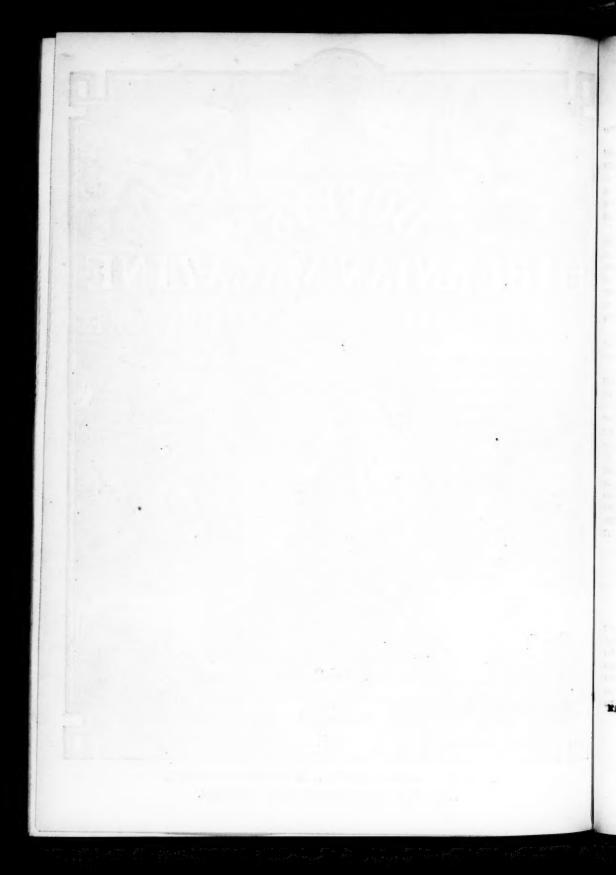


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### DUFFY'S

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### DUFFY'S

## HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE.

No. 13.

JULY.

1861.

### THE DOUBLE PROPHECY;

OB.

TRIALS OF THE HEART.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

#### CHAPTER XI.

THE DOCTOR A GO-DETWEEN—A LOVE SCENE, ANYTHING BUT AGREEABLE TO ONE OF THE PARTIES—A DOUBTFUL PROJECT, IN WHICH THE DOCTOR ENGAGES—OLD SAM WALLACE AGAIN AT WORK.

The historian on his way home felt himself sadly puzited. The good old man was very sensible in many things, yet exceedingly simple in others. In his interview with Clinton, he had taken a rather unusual and elevated view in speculating on Maria's conduct in the affair, but it was rather what he conceived a mere argumentative paradox, resorted to for the purpose of bringing his opponent to reason, than from any belief he entertained that an humble girl like her should possess either the virtue or the high sense of independence to act with a dignity that he knew would have done honour to Greece or Rome. Now, however, when he had seen and marked the artful distinction which she drew when the subject of his love became the topic of conversation, be bitterly regretted that he had entered into the matter at all.

"She said," he proceeded to himself, "that if she thought his proposals were not sincere, she would refuse to see him; but that if she thought they were honourable, she would. This places me in a bad position, especially if they should get married, but in a worse one still, if they should elope. The world will call me nothing more nor less than a villanous old go-between, and the consequence will be that more scandal will fall upon my head than upon theirs. As it is, I will make her a present of my celebrated history of A——h, which may in some degree withdraw her mind from love affairs. I will call this evening and leave it with her, and if the perusal of it succeeds in extinguishing this flame, or preventing such an unsuitable match, I shall certainly rejoice, and it may save us all from much scandal."

This, for the present, was his only consolation, and with respect to Maria, he certainly kept his word. On that evening he called to the house, and having placed his celebrated history in the hands of Miss Travers, he earnestly requested that she would give it to Maria, with his best wishes for her welfare, and a sincere hope that she would read and study it with attention. On the

second day after this, Clinton, who had been suffering tortures, received from the worthy man the following communication, marked strictly private and confidential.

"DEAR SIR,-I fear I cut anything but a creditable figure as an agent in the management of your love difficulties. Heaven knows, it ill becomes a man of my years and calling to catch himself so actively employed in such a questionable task. How can I tell what may happen, and I will engage if anything wrong does happen, that both you and she, in order to exculpate yourselves, will not scruple to lay the blame of it upon my shoulders, and the world, of course, will follow your example, and say that nothing improper would have occurred had I not brought you together. God knows I did it with the best intention; but don't misunderstand me, for by this I mean that my object was to put an end to your foolish passion if I could, by bringing about an interview, in order that you might finally learn the hopelessness of your fate from her own lips, and I beg that you will not misunderstand me here again, -by her own lips I mean her own ultimate and unalterable determination to decline your addresses. Unfortunately I have my doubts of this now, and I think better to inform you of the fact, that you may reflect upon your folly in time, and at all events exhibit such a generous forbearance in your interview with her on the point of consent, as will redound to your own credit. I had myself an interview with her after I left you the day before yesterday. Miss Travers sent for her, and in a few minutes she entered the room. From the manner in which that respectable person opened the conversation, the beautiful creature was led at first to suppose that I was about to make a matrimonial proposal to her myself, and the poor thing looked very much pleased. I hastened, however, to undeceive her, lest the blundering old maid might lead her into a fool's paradise, by the notion of such a thing. I studied her very closely after she had entered the room, which she did with a good deal of confusion, poor child, for I believe she had been told that I was expecting her. After she spoke she blushed, and I could not help thinking of the celebrated lines in Virgil;

'Dixit; et avertens rosea cervier refulsit, Ambrosiseque corne divinum vertice odorem Spiravere; pedes vertis defluxit adimos; Et vera incessu patuit dea.'

"After some brief conversation, she told me that if she thought your proposals were not honourable, she would at once decline receiving you; but that if she believed they were, she would consent to an interview—a distinction which I don't admire, and which leads me to apprehend that she is a mere syren, and wishes to lure you into her meshes. I give you this information beforehand, in order that you may be on your guard. I have taken pains, however, to check the ardour of her affection for you, that is, provided always that she entertains any, by bringing to her my own celebrated history of A-h. It is one thing, observe, for an humble girl to marry a man of rank and wealth, and another thing to love him. I have now prepared you for this interview, or rather guarded you against its consequences. If you would read history more, you would feel this foolish passion less, as the one would cool down and sober the other, which must produce an admirable effect upon you both. In the mean time, God prosper you,

" My poor unhappy young man, and believe me to be, your sincere friend,

"GEORGE SPILLAR, D.D.

"P.S .- Pray let me know the result of the inter-

"P.P.S .- It was about dusk when I brought her my 'History,' and on my way home, two young fellows, in the garb, certainly, of gentlemen, came close to me, and said in a low voice,

" So, doctor, you too were striving to get a peep at the celebrated beauty; well done, my old historian!"

Clinton, who knew a good deal of the worthy man's character, was not only amused but delighted with this epistle. One great object was gained-her consent to see him. He consequently sent a note to Miss Travers, asking to know when he might present himself, and stating that he was deeply indebted, and would feel for ever grateful to Miss Brindsley for her goodness and condescension in vonchsafing to see him. He would not, he assured them both, abuse the privilege nor encroach upon Miss Brindsley's time, but would submit himself in all things to her wishes. As Maria felt anxious that the interview should be over as soon as possible, she appointed the next day for their meeting, and having done so, he experienced a combined feeling of depression and relief, and that from reasons which will almost immediately appear. Strange indeed was the fate of these two young lovers; but be that fate what it may, we cannot now, without anticipating its events, advance in our narrative except by those gradual steps which led them both onwards to their ultimate destiny.

At length the eventful day arrived, and Clinton, with a beating heart, found himself in the now well-known parlour of Miss Travers.

When Maria heard that he awaited her below, a sickness almost like that of death came over her; she felt that this was indeed the melancholy crisis of her destiny, and that she herself, for the sake of her generous lover, was about to determine it for ever at the terrible cost of her own happiness. The sacrifice, however, was to be made, and she resolved to make it. At this moment the recollection of the sealed prophecy recurred to her, and as she had it at that very time in her own possession, she was strongly tempted to open it, and, if possible, be guided by its purport. But again, the awful admonition and countermand fell deeply and with something like terror on her heart; she summoned her courage and selfdenial, and with a firm resolution to await the event which might justify her in opening it-if ever that event should arrive-she rallied a little; and having composed herself as well as she could, she descended, with fear and trembling, to the parlour.

Clinton, to whom she taught a lesson of forbearance and moderation in his conduct and sentiments, received her with peculiar deference and respect. This, however. was the natural temper of his mind and character, for Clinton, as the reader knows, was a gentleman and a man of feeling. She was now entitled to his respect. All his supicions of her had been removed-flung to the winds, and she had been proved to be not only what he had originally thought her, but something still purer and more exalted. Their relative position with respect to each other was now very different from what it had been on that night of violence, when he looked upon her with such doubt and suspicion as almost-he thought-amounted to the most excruciating certainty. On her entering the room, he at once arose and handed her a chair; he looked at her closely too, and at once saw that the state of trepidation in which she appeared before him, entitled her to every courtesy and kindness of manner which he could assume; but, indeed, on this occasion they were only the spontaneous effusion of his heart.

"Miss Brindsley," said be, "you know not the obligations under which you place me by at last consenting to afford me an interview, because you know not what I have suffered from the despair of obtaining it."

"But I thought sir," she replied, "that from the sentiments I expressed to you upon that night, that you would not feel justified in seeking another interview; I think I expressed myself very plainly."

"Yes," he replied; "but the circumstances between us are changed. They are not now what I believed, or at least suspected them to be on that night."

"So far as I am concerned, Mr. Clinton, they are not changed. I am the same girl now that I was on that night, and hold to the same resolution now which

I expressed then."

"But you must understand that I am changed, and that I come before you on different principles and with different claims. You know how your conduct in my opinion was then involved in doubt and mysterydoubts and mysteries which almost drove me mad. But now those doubts and mysteries through which, even then, my love for you bubbled up with fervour and vehemence from my heart, are all removed for ever, and you appear before me the pure and uncontaminated cresture which I first thought you, or rather knew you, to be."

"I am certainly glad, sir," she replied, "that my character and conduct have been set right in your opinion; for since you happen to feel an interest in me, it would have been painful to me-very painful indeedto have lain under your suspicions. I say I feel glad, f-

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then, that I am restored to your good opinion; but still, Mr. Clinton, that does not, nor cannot, change our position."

"Oh, but most assuredly it does, and can, and shall. I now ask your love in an honourable sense; you are the first woman I ever loved, and——"

"The first !" she replied, with a vivacity which struck him forcibly

"Yes," he returned, "the first, and the only one."

A deep blush suffused her cheek, and an expression, not only of melancholy, but profound sorrow, settled unconsciously on her countenance.

"This interview," she said "is a very painful one to me, Mr. Clinton; I almost regret it has taken place. Indeed I wish it had not; it would have saved us both much—much"—here she paused a moment.—
"However," she added, "as Dr. Spillar thought it better that I should give you one last meeting, and as I had placed myself under his guardianship, I yielded to his wishes."

"You don't say a last meeting, Maria—for I will call you so—you don't say our last? Consider that I now offer you my fortune, my hand, my heart—offer them to you that you may become my wife in the eye of God and of the world. Can man do more to obtain a woman's love? Surely, Maria, you can feel no doubt as to the sincerity of my passion after such a declaration as this."

During this dialogue Maria kept her eyes down, nor did she once raise them to meet his since she entered the

"Why," he proceeded, after a short pause, "why do you not reply to me? but, above all, why do you not bestow upon me one single glance? Alas! Maria, it was not so when we used to meet in C——r cathedral."

She involuntarily raised her eyes and glanced at him, and he could see that there were in their expression both deprecation and deep sorrow.

"I wish," she replied, "that we never had met there."
Clinton was much moved, for he saw that she was
suffering, but from what cause he could not conjecture
with any certainty.

"You seem, Maria," he proceeded, "to be in sorrow; but why do you not reply to me?"

"I believe," she replied, "that your affection for me is sincere; indeed I know it is, because you have given me such proofs of it as I cannot doubt. If I could or dld doubt it, I would feel less pain than I must feel in the reply I am about to give you."

Clinton's heart sank at those words, for he could scarcely help feeling that they foreboded the ruin of his

What are you about to say?" he asked; "beware how you tamper with or make a wreck of my happiness. You are everything to me—the hope and solace of my being, the sunshine of my future existence here, the branch by which I hang upon the precipice of life; do not break from my hold and precipitate me to darkness and destruction."

"You look too gloomily upon that part of the sub-

ject," she replied, summoning all her extraordinary fortitude to her aid; "you do not wish, surely, that my union with you should become a shadow over your life, a blight upon your happiness, a chill upon the natural warmth of your enjoyment. You look only on one side of the question, but I look upon both. You know you are yet but a young man, and cannot boast of much experience in the world; and I tell you, that if I yielded to your offers—generous and honourable as they are—I tell you, I say, that it is not impossible that the time might come when you would curse the day that ever I consented to become your wife."

"By heavens! it is impossible. I know my own heart, and I know the world better than you think; and when I put it in competition with my happiness with you, I despise it. I have thought of this, and made all those calculations often and often. Besides, thank God, I am independent of the world, and will continue so."

"What! could you be so unmanly as to give up your place in it; to renounce an honourable ambition, and that distinction which you have both talents and spirit to achieve, and all for a lowly-born girl, for whom, in the fervour of youth, you have conceived an affection which, from its very violence, is likely to soon burn out, and prove anything but a lasting one. Now, hear me with patience. If I consented to marry you, what must be the consequence to us both, but especially to you? Could you introduce me to the society in which you live and move? could you take me by the hand and introduce me to the members of your own family; could you introduce me to the haughty wives of your brother-officers? could you bear, without pain, to see your wife rejected, sneered at, spurned, and insulted, and all because she is lowly-born? You know, Mr. Clinton, that this is the world, and what must happen if I were so much your enemy as to become your wife."

"Let me see," said he, starting up, and putting his hand upon his sword—for he had come purposely in full uniform—"let me see the living man who shall dare to insult you; nay, to hint, breathe, or look an insult, and I shall teach him a lesson he will never forget."

"Perhaps the men might not," she continued, "but what guard have you or can you have over the women, whose province and privilege they consider it to heap insult and wreak their pride of birth and place on any unhappy female of humble parentage who may happen, by some accidental turn of good fortune, to be raised to their own level. Good fortune! alas! it is in general anything but good fortune to her; she is looked upon as an upstart and an intruder, and is treated with nothing but contempt, and ridicule, and scorn."

"Alas! Maria, why not say at once that you do not love me?"

"Ah," she replied, "I fear you do not know me, as, indeed, how could you, since you have had so little opportunity of understanding my character. If you knew me better you would perceive at once why I speak upon this subject as I do. You would raise me up to a position in life which I have neither education nor

accomplishments to fill; but if you raised me up, then, you know, I should drag you down; but that I never will do. How could I entail degradation and shame, and the censure and ridicule of the world, on the man I 1-; on the man who would raise me to a high place, where I could become only a clear mark for the shafts of calumny and scandal. But there is another argument against my union with you, which is as strong as any I have advanced. You forget that I am the protégée of your mother; that she placed me here with her kindest and strongest recommendations, and committed me to the care of Miss Travers as a young woman of firm and honest principles, in whom she took a warm and friendly interest. Can you not imagine, then, how she must look upon my conduct if I should consent to yield to the temporary attachment of that son whom she loves so tenderly, and from whose future position and figure in life, as the representative of his old and distinguished family, she expects so much? Think of her sorrow, think of her agony, think of her despair, on finding that the bright and honourable career which she expected you to pursue and accomplish, should be destroyed by your marriage with me. And if you will not think of this, then think of the position which I should hold in her estimation. What opinion must she not form of my ingratitude? Is this the return, she will say, which that artful and ungrateful girl has made me for my kindness to her? to seduce the affections of my youthful son, to insinuate herself into his heart, and to manage his inexperience for her own base and selfish purposes. Would she not say that my object was to smuggle myself, through your weakness, and folly, and inexperience, into a respectable family, which my connection with it would only bring to disgrace, and shame, and affliction?"

Clinton was stunned by the irresistible force and truth of these arguments, and could not utter a word, but his eyes were fixed upon her, and notwithstanding that she was cutting down every hope from under him, he felt entranced. There glowed in her divine features such an expression of sorrowful but heroic enthusiasm, as he had never witnessed or even conceived, especially when

playing over such transcendent beauty.

"Maria," said he, "I can only repeat what I have just said: I feel that you do not love me. The happy dream of my life is vanishing, and existence is likely to become nothing to me but darkness and a blank. All its aims and purposes which I had projected with you by my side, will soon disappear; but indeed I thought you had loved me."

As he spoke he was deeply moved, and the expression of manly sorrow which she read in his face was irre-

sistibly affecting.

She rose up in a state of the deepest emotion, and replied: "Then you do not understand me," she said, " or must I, as the last painful and melancholy argument in my own defence, disclose that which I have concealed so long? Do you know what the love of woman, in its highest and purest sense is-to promote the good of its object, and avert evil from it, even at its own ex-

pense, and the life-long sacrifice of its happiness. That is the sacrifice which I make for you; but notwithstanding the love that prompts that sacrifice, I will never consent to become the author of your ruin, or draw down disgrace upon you and your family. Think not of it; do not for a moment expect that I shall change; but when you are, as you will be, far removed from me, think sometimes of the love which Maria Brindsley bore you when the world knew it not. Good bye !" she said extending her hand, "for I will see you no more!"

He seized her hand, but he could not utter a word: his tears fell upon her face, whilst her own flowed fast; he kissed her lips more than once, but she immediately extricated herself from his arms, waved him one mute

farewell with her hand, and disappeared.

Miss Travers, who had been watching her that she might hear the result of the interview, immediately followed her to her room, when Maria, on seeing her, threw herself into her arms, and wept long and bitterly.

"Good God!" exclaimed the former, "what has happened, Maria, and why are you in such a dreadful

state ?"

"It is all over now," she replied, "and I see him no more. I am resolved to leave you Miss Travers, and go home to-morrow morning."

"But what has happened?" again asked the other, now also in tears, for it was impossible to look on the sorrow of such a creature without sympathy.

"I have finally and for ever rejected him-and, as I said, all is over between us. I love him too well to ruin him. And now, Miss Travers, I must prepare this evening for my journey home to-morrow. You know I must start early by the public car. Will you be good enough to leave me for a time. I would wish to be alone, and think of what I am to do for the future."

"Well," exclaimed poor Miss Travers, wiping her eyes, and then clasping her hands with a look of amazement, "if that is love, it is surely the most extraordinary kind of it I ever heard of. To reject the man you love, and he wealthy, of a high family, rich, young, and handsome-surpasses anything I ever dreamt of. Why, after all, I think you must have but a hard heart, Maria, Ah! that is not the answer I would have given to my poor Thady if he had-I mean, that is not the answer I did give him when he proposed for me. To love such a man and not marry him-shade of my darling Thady! what am I to think of it ?"

Poor Clinton was overwhelmed, prostrated, distracted. The force of Maria's noble and self-denying enthusiasm had so completely borne him away with it, that he felt himself as if in some terrible dream-without presence of mind or steadiness of purpose to combat her arguments as he had intended. He became paralysed as with a severe and unexpected shock, and went home in such a state of delirious agitation, that he knew not how he got there. He was now perfectly helpless, and for a time could neither think nor act for himself. He knew that some dreadful calamity had occurred, but occasionally forgot what it was. He went to ride, as was usual with him when agitated, and rode far and

furiously-but ride at what speed he might, he could not leave the fiery gloom in which he was wrapped, nor the sense of his terrible desolation behind him. On his return to dress for dinner he changed his mind, and sent an apology to the mess, stating that he was too unwell to join them, which, indeed, was the truth. The next day he was unable to rise, and during the following fortnight suffered all the delirious agonies of a severe and dangerous brain-fever, from which he recovered with great difficulty. Maria's name was frequently, almost perpetually on his lips; but as none of those who attended him knew who "Maria" was, no association could be traced between her and him. Not so with his brother-officers, who, through the blabbing of Doolittle, strongly suspected not only who she was, but that she had occasioned his illness.

In the mean time, Maria, on the evening before her departure from home, thought herself bound in gratitude to call upon Dr. Spillar, in the first place, to thank him for the kind interest he had taken in her troubles; and in the second, to return him his celebrated history of -h, which learned work-and it is both an able and a learned work-he would by no means receive back, but presented it to her as a mark of his respect for her character and conduct under difficulties, which she bore with such heroism and firmness. It was about dusk, and the good-hearted doctor would not allow her to go home without his own escort, and he accordingly left her safely at Miss Travers's house. In a country town there is scarcely a single motion of a prominent character that is not marked, and very probably misconstructed. It was not so, however, in this case, for the doctor's age, profession, and character placed him above scandal. But there is a class of idle wags who take an unjustifiable pleasure in having and circulating their idle jests at the expense of grave and religious persons. Accordingly, as he was returning to his own house, he was accosted in the following words-"Good again, doctor ! you will carry away the beauty at last. History and divinity against all opposition!" The good old man only smiled, and gave himself no further concern about what he knew was only a jest.

One morning, about three weeks after Maria's departure, Clinton, who was now tolerably recovered, although still looking a little pale, called on him, and in a tone of singular firmness and resolution, addressed him as follows:

"Doctor, I am come to you as to a friend who, I trust, can sympathise with and understand me. You know my attachment for that girl—attachment is a weak word, but let it pass—you know it; but you don't know the character of that girl herself."

"Better, perhaps, than you may imagine," replied

"You are aware that she has left A-h."

"I am perfectly; the dear girl called on me the evenning before she went; but I assure you, only for the purpose of thanking me, and returning my own history, which I had given her with the best intentions."

"Did she call upon you?"

"She did; I saw her safely home-but you look surprised!"

"Who-I? Not a whit."

"Because I know that passionate and hasty young fellows like you have their suspicions and jealousies easily excited. I pledge my word I never thought of the girl except as a father and a Christian friend, whose age and character certainly give me a claim to protect her from the snares of the world. I say this now, because I think your very angry letter to me upon the subject was unreasonable and uncalled for. You must have written it whilst in a hallucination or a state of delirium."

"Me!—a letter! In God's name, what do you mean, my dear Doctor? Explain yourself. I never wrote you a letter."

"Perhaps, as you were not perfectly recovered from your illness, you may forget it; but here," he added, opening his desk, "here it is."

Clinton took the letter with astonishment, and read as follows:

"REVEREND SIR-You are crossing my path, like an old historical demon as you are. You've got yourself over head and ears in love with M. B-, and are in the habit of sending her cakes and sugarcandy, and other dangerous compositions, such as 'Ovid's Art of Love,' and 'The Kisses of Johannes Secundus,' until, I believe in my soul, you have succeeded in weaning her affections from me. Now, I beg you to give up this pursuit, which is the more reprehensible in a man of your character, as it is well known that you have not the most remote intention of marrying her. She has been at your house and you have been at hers, and you have almost made a historian of her already-and I well know what kind of morals a female historian must possess. Do not, therefore, cross my path, or beware the consequences. "ARTHUR CLINTON."

Clinton, who might have enjoyed this jest upon the, pious and amiable doctor under other circumstances, was in no frame of mind to bestow it even a thought. He accordingly threw it aside, and said:

"Pay no attention to it, sir: it is a poor, silly jest which some one has been playing off upon you. As for me, I have more serious matters to think of just at present. You are aware, I suppose, that this impracticable but great-minded girl has taken refuge with her mother?"

"I am aware of everything," responded the doctor; "she herself has told me all. In my conversation with you, the first day I called on you with reference to her, you may remember that I said, 'if she loved you truly, she would most probably decline any matrimonial proposal you might make her.' In saying this, however, I had only formed an ideal character as a part of my argument, which I did not imagine any girl in her circumstances of life could have verified. She has, however, transcended and surpassed it; and I am at a loss what to say."

"So am not I," replied Clinton; "you know she is a perfect lady as it is-a miracle of natural intellect and elegance-but still she is deficient in education and those accomplishments which are necessary to the habits and usages of well-bred society. Now, sir, pay attention to me !- it is my fixed determination to bestow those upon her. It can be easily done. I shall send her to the best boarding-school that can be found in London; let her remain there for three years, within which time I have no doubt that her education will be complete. In good sense and natural talents she wants little. The elegance of her language and her graceful facility of expression, are amazing, when we consider her opportunities. This, then, is my purpose, from which no earthly interest, whilst I possess life and means, shall divert me. She is, at any time, a fit companion for myself-or rather, every way my superior. I shall, however, make her not only worthy of society, but a grace and an ornament to it. Now, this is my purpose; and in order to accomplish this purpose, I say that you, my dear and kind friend, will and must assist me. The admirable girl loves me-but with a love so noble and disinterested, that feeling, as she does, her incompetence to do justice to my choice when introduced into fashionable life, she declines my offers upon the argument that my union with a lovely and uneducated girl would degrade and ruin me, and also from a sense of gratitude to my mother. I am glad she reasoned with me as she did, for I must confess, that were it not for what she urged against her marriage with me at our last interview, I would never have thought of this project."

"Well, my young friend," said the doctor, smiling, "I had made up my mind to get out of this business, but I find you wish to make me useful again. Pray, what do you ask me to do on this occasion?"

"Why, to see herself and her mother, to mention this project to them, and to urge it on them with all the influence of your character. Yes, my dear doctor, and you must do more: for if she and her mother consent, you will be good enough to conduct her to London, and settle her in such an establishment as you may deem proper. You are a clergyman of fame and eminence, and you will experience little difficulty in making a proper selection. If you refuse to do this, I shall sell out and leave Europe, and will take very little heed of what may become of me. You are not rich, and I need not say that all necessary funds shall be liberally supplied to you."

"I will not give you an answer now," replied the doctor, "because I shall require time to consider this strange proposal; but if you call on me to-morrow about this hour, I will know what reply to give you."

"I trust it will be favourable," replied Clinton. 
"Consider that it will be necessary for some person of consideration and character to place a girl without ostensible connections in such an establishment. Your interest in her will be a sufficient guarantee for her position and respectability. All the rest I will leave to her own good sense and prudence."

"Well, then, to-morrow, about this hour, and we will talk of it again."

Maria's return home was not altogether unexpected by her mother. She had, for some time past, been anticipating the necessity of this step-and, without directly disclosing the cause, had in some degree prepared her for it. Her appearance, however, in her native village-we call it a village, although it was the dilapidated town of A-r-excited a considerable sensation, as the phrase runs. Indeed, it soon became the subject of surprise, curiosity, and inquiry among the inhabitants of the surrounding neighbourhood, and ultimately throughout the whole parish. But what occasioned the greatest possible interest was the extraordinary improvement in her looks and the elegance of her person. She was not yet out of youth, but she certainly was in that delightful stage of female life when the exquisite freshness of youthful beauty is at its highest and most delicate perfection. She was, indeed, a radiant creature; and nothing astonished them so much as the development of grace and loveliness, and ease of manner, which had taken place during her absence.

Her sensible mother, however, to whom she at once disclosed all the circumstances that had occasioned her return, soon satisfied their enquiries by stating, that she had come home to conduct her business upon a superior and more extensive scale, and that she hoped the ladies of rank and station in the neighbourhood would support them, now that they could have their dresses made up in the most fashionable and elegant manner. There was a strange but interesting pensiveness about her, however, which did not pass without observation. Some attributed it to a disappointment in love, others, on the contrary, said that such a thing was impossible in one so exceedingly beautiful; whilst others again said, it was nothing but the seriousness which usually attaches to the youthful female, on the approach of womanhood.

When Clinton waited on Dr. Spillar the next day according to appointment, he found the old gentleman much perplexed upon the subject of the proposal made to him.

"My good, but unreflecting young friend," said he, "this is a business surrounded by many doubts and difficulties. In the first place let me ask whether you have calculated upon the girl's refusal to comply with this extraordinary proposition? In the next place, do you think your mother could be prevailed upon to sanction it? because if she could, I have no doubt that Miss Brindsley would then concur, -but I am afraid not otherwise; and lastly, unless you get your mother's consent, I will have nothing to do with it. I could not, consistently with my character, dream of lending myself to such a clandestine arrangement as this; so far as I am concerned, it would be a most unjustifiable and unbecoming step. Suppose, for instance, your marriage should turn out an unhappy one-as it is known many a love marriage does-what would be the consequence so far as I am concerned? why, that if I should live until then, my very name would be execrable to you both, and should I be in my grave, that my memory would be loaded with your curses."

"Well, I do not think my dear doctor, that you have

much to apprehend from the last calculation, but what strikes me as most necessary to be considered, is the possibility of gaining over my mother; from the tenderness and affection which she bears me, I think the matter by no means hopeless."

"In that case you should write to her."

"No, but you shall—you can say more for me—yes, and for Maria too, than I could; because," he added smiling, "she knows that you are not in love with her."

"I assure you there are some people of a different opinion," replied the doctor, smiling in return. "But in the meantime I will mention what I conceive to be a better plan. Instead of writing to your mother, I shall go and pay her a visit; you know we have long been on intimate terms. I can then discuss the subject with her at greater length than I could in any written communication whatsoever. If I do not succeed, I shall proceed no farther in it; and if I do I can see Miss Brindsley, and, fortified by your mother's authority and consent, I shall most likely be able to complete the arrangements at once. Still," he added, "I am of opinion upon second thoughts, that you should also write to her, as the more influence we can bring to bear upon her, the greater the chance of our success."

Clinton was in ecstacies, delighted, enraptured at this position of the case; he shook the doctor's hand, said he was a friend and a father to him, and as such he would consider him to the last day of his life, whether they

succeeded or not.

"God bless you, my dear doctor," he said, "God for ever bless you for I think you are likely to prove my guardian angel.

The doctor smiled, and replied,

"Homo cum nihil humani a me alienum puto."

Maria, on the first Sunday morning after her return, began to think of going to church,-to that church in which Clinton and she had felt the first tender but mysterious influences of love. A difficulty, however, lay in her way, resulting from the consciousness of her position with respect to the young officer, and of the last scene which had taken place between them. She knew she would certainly meet his mother there, and that the good lady would probably enter into conversation with her, and possibly make enquiries as to the cause of her having left the establishment of Miss Travers. Such a rencontre she wished to avoid, because even although Mrs. Clinton might not speak to, or make any enquiries from her on that occasion, yet she deemed it not improbable that she might, after having seen that she had returned, make it a point to call to her mother's for the purpose. She consequently resolved not to go.

"Mother," said she, "I think I will go to the Presbyterian chapel to day; Mrs. Clinton may see me, and perhaps make enquiries that might embarrass me,—because it is painful to conceal the truth should she press me earnestly. In order to avoid the risk of meeting her, I will go to the meeting-house at Carntaul."

"Indeed Maria," replied her mother, "I dare say it is better that you should; if Mrs. Clinton sees you, she will certainly speak to, you, and make enquiries too, for which reason I think it is better that you should avoid her."

Maria accordingly made her appearance at the meeting-house, and we need scarcely say that her presence, even among the grave worshippers in that sober congregation, created something like a sensation. All eyes from time to time were turned upon her, not only with looks of admiration, but also with those of profound respect. Indeed some of them had taken it into their heads that she might have experienced such an accession of that inward light, as led her to see the errors of the carnal church to which she belonged, and to seek the true path in a more apostolic communion.

The officiating minister was no other then her former lover, who having concluded the ordinary portion of the service which precedes the sermon, ascended the pulpit and commenced his discourse. Maria could not help admiring his tall gentlemanly figure—his high forehead and pale intellectual but careworn features. His voice was music itself, but it seemed the exponent of some deep and settled melancholy which breathed even through the most consoling revelations of faith, and grace, and hope.

He was indeed an earnest and devoted minister, and until his sermon nearly reached its conclusion, his eve had not discovered or rested upon Maria. The moment it did, however, a change sudden and extraordinary came over the whole melancholy but profound spirit of his eloquence. The sublime inspiration of the prophet and the evangelist seemed to have abandoned him. The full and musical voice lost its power and became unsteady; the fluency of his eloquence was gone,he began to hesitate in his expressions, and to repeat himself; and finding that be could not close his discourse as he had commenced and continued it, he abruptly brought it to a close, considerably to the surprise of the whole congregation, with the exception of the members of his own family and a few others who had been aware of his unhappy attachment to Maria, and who now looked upon his break-down with the deepest compassion, knowing, as they did, that it was her presence which occasioned it. Even Maria herself, whose eye had unconsciously met his, was not ignorant of the cause, nor was there any one there more capable of feeling a deeper sympathy with this interesting but unhappy young minister. It was evident that absence had not lessened his attachment, nor withdrawn the sorrow of disappointment,-perhaps of despairfrom a heart which seemed from its constancy capable of feeling but one attachment, the memory of which should accompany him through a lonely and melancholy life.

The poor minister, after his return home, was evidently sunk in the deepest dejection. He declined to join their early dinner, and walked out into the fields, meditating upon the vision of beauty which had so unexpectedly appeared to him, and against the influence of which, even in the pulpit, his heart was so badly prepared. He had—it is true—his dreams of hope, and imagination threw some of her most brilliant lights into the dark shadows by which his heart was encompassed.

What could have brought her, who belonged to a different though kindred creed, there? Was it that her heart had at last relented, and she resorted to that delicate mode of insinuating as much? She had never been there before; or had some kind friend made her acquainted with the wretched isolation of his life, since she left that part of the country, and did her kind and gentle spirit feel compassion for his desolation? But then her beauty: in so short a time what an astonishing change, what a wonderful progress in grace and loveliness, since he had seen her last! And could it be possible that he might even yet have a chance of hope? In this way the poor young man went on building his ideal castles, as he sauntered slowly and meditatively along, until the shades of evening began to fall.

Now, it is a pretty well-known axiom, that people will generally reason in the same way when they have the same facts placed before them, we mean in the ordinary circumstances of life only, because in religion or politics, although the facts may be the same, yet, guided by our prejudices alone, the inferences we draw from them are either north or south, according to the influence of those prejudices. On this occasion old Sam, however, reasoned precisely as his youngest son did.

"Joe," said he to his elder, "what do you think o' yon? What brought her to the meeting-house the day, where she never was in all her life afore? What do you think o' that, man?"

"I don't know what to think of it," replied Joe, "it looks odd enough."

"How odd enough? What do you mean by odd enough?"

"Why," replied Joe again, "I can't account for

"No, I know you can't, but am not sae—De'il a ane o' yon wean—wean!—haith, she's no a wean now; wouh man, but she's a bonnie creature; but am sayin', deil a ane o' her ever came to meetin' without a purpose, and what do ye call that purpose? Sau', it's as clear as day that she has a hankerin' afther him. The lassie's sensible, and reflected on her conduct till him; and now that she's sorry for't, she wishes to let him see as much; deil anither thing it is."

"Well, but what's to be done then," said Joe; "must we court her for him again?"

"Nae doubt o't, but a'll open a new leaf wi' her now, an if I dinna make her show what for she came to meetin' the day instead o' goin' to church,—that mess o' worldly abomination,—why, am not here,—that's all."

"I think," said Joe, "we had better do nothing in the matter until we see himself, and have some conversation with him on the subject."

"Weel, Joe, a don't differ from you there; a think you're right; an'when he comes home, and gets something to eat, a'll cross-examine him on the subject."

When the minister returned in the evening, calm and somewhat more placid than usual, for truth to say, hope had kindled up new aspirations in his heart, he took a slight dinner and a single glass of wine, after which his father came into the room and addressed him as follows:

"Weel, minister, what do you think o' you appearance at meetin' the day? Dinna ye think it looks weel, eh?"

"To what do you allude, father?"

"Hout man, what the deil nonsense is this? a mean yon bonnie wean o' Mrs. Brindsley's—no that she's a wean now; what do you suppose brought her to our place o' sensible worship this day, instead o' going to you pack of abominations that's set forth in the cathedral, as they caal it; e'en the very name's a remnant o' popery."

"My dear father," replied the son, "will I never be able to prevail upon you to judge and think of those who differ with you in religious matters with more charity?"

"Charity! you can't charge me wi' ony want o' charity towards them, barrin in religion—a befriend the lost creatures, a serve them when I can, a lend them money when they want it, a leave no Christian duty undone; and a may say the same o' the poor papishes, that's doubly lost, because they worship the pape,—poor benighted heathens; but religion's anither guess matter, and on that subject deil a one o' me will spare either one or 'tother o' them. Howsomever, let us drap that; you girl hasna' forgotten you, that's a clear case."

"Father, I am too much of a visionary myself," replied his son, "and I beg of you not to tempt me with false and delusive hopes; her presence at meeting today may have been accidental only."

"Weel, man, be that as it may, we'll see about it; a'll go to the mither to-morrow and have a talk wi' her about it, or if a can see the lassie hersel', it'll be better still; a think a know how to manage these things, or if a didn't, who'd be your mother the day?"

"Are you determined on going father?"
"Ay faith, ye might preach it from the pulpit."

"Well, listen to me, my dear father; you may go and see Mrs. Brindsley and Maria if you wish; but I beg—earnestly beg, that you will do nothing more than intimate to them, that I myself will call there the day after to-morrow, in order to solicit an interview with Maria herself."

"Weel, a'll say that too, but in troth a'll say more than that; but are you goin' to pluck up courage to face her yourself?"

"It is possible—barely possible, that she may have changed; but no, it is a dream—it is a dream!" he exclaimed. "At all events I will see her, but I wish you to prepare herself and her mother for the visit."

He then went to his room, where he sat in apparently deep thought, occasionally looking into a book, then carelessly shutting it, until the hour of rest arrived, when he retired to bed. The next day about one o'clock, old Sam, big with the certainty of success, was abroad upon his mission, and soon arrived at the neat cottage of Mrs. Brindsley, He was dressed in his Sunday suit, which consisted of a brown coat, black waistcoat, dark

drab breeches and leggings of the same cloth, all surmounted by a good hat somewhat broad in the brim, and all in fact betokening the douce but sober Presbyterian costume.

"Weel Mistress Brindsley, how is a' wi' you the day, me'em?"

"Indeed, quite well, Mr. Wallace; how are all your own family?"

"Ow, no that ill, barrin' you unfortunate minister."

"Why, is he not well?"

"Troth, he's no very weel in health, but worse in

spirits, poor man."

"Why, what is the matter with him? indeed, of late he seems pale and thin; I hope there is nothing seriously wrong with him."

"Am fear't there is, Mistress Brindsley; deil haet but the truth a'll tell ye; that bonnie lassie o' yours is just

killin' him by inches."

"Good heavens, Mr. Wallace, is it possible he hasn't got over that weakness yet?"

"Quite possible, and, what's worse, never will, unless

she takes pity on the poor boy."

"I assure you, Mr. Wallace, I am sorry to hear this; I thought his own good sense, and the influence of religion, might have come to his relief."

"Good sense! hae you ony sense to say so when you know he's in love? Religion! what's religion but a bubble, a strae, a cobweb, when a young man like him gets over head and ears into that commodity."

"She's an unfortunate girl," replied her mother, "and I must say a very self-willed one on that subject. She has had no less than two offers since she came, and has rejected them both, and if she refused your son, Mr. Wallace, you know it was contrary to my wishes; I did and said what I could for him."

"Twa offers !--what twa offers?"

"Why, indeed, there's William Calwell, the attorney, a handsome young man, who's both clever and successful at his profession, and quite unobjectionable in every sense, yet she has refused him."

"Weel, and who's the other?"

"A man you well know, and who's well known by every one as one of the best and most sterling-hearted men in the county that produced him—honest James Trimble."

"Hout, woman, he might be her father, still he's all you say, nae donbt o' that; weel, she refused him too, mair be token it would be just ridiculous to see such a match. But am sayin', what if the bonnie good-natured lassie should hae changed her mind anent the poor minister."

Mrs. Brindsley shook her head as she replied-

"Indeed, Mr. Wallace, I'm afraid there's no hope of that; as for my part I wish there was, because nothing would gratify me more. I don't know any one I would rather call son-in-law than your son."

"A believe you, me'em, and many thanks for your good opinion o' him; but' am sayin', Mistress Brindsley, couldna' you wheedle her intil compliance?—couldna' ye?"

"Indeed, unfortunately, Mr. Wallace, she's just one of those girls that nobody could wheedle."

"Weel, then, couldna' ye come down upon her wi' the lawful influence o' maternal authority, as they call it?"

"No—no, Mr. Wallace, I could never think of forcing my child's inclinations. It will be time enough to try that when I find her about to enter into a connexion that I cannot approve of."

"Is the lassie hersel' within?"

"No, she went to spend the day with a couple of her old schoolfellows, and won't be home till evening."

"Because, if she was, I'd like to hae a spell o' discourse wi' hersel' upon the matter. Howsomever, it can't be helped now, only as 'am here, the minister desired me to let you and her know that he'll be wi' you the morrow, and speak till you both on the subject, and haith he must be far gone in it when so blate a poor lad as he is, makes bould to pluck up courage at last. After that, deil a doubt o't but he'd take a fortified town any day. But, ow, Mistress Brindsley, if she doesna' come in, what a miss she'll hae o' him; you don't know the learnin' o' yon youth; deil a thing in books or out o' books comes wrong to him, -Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Mathematics, a' at his finger ends; and for that matter, I diana ken but he might teach them to her; deil a yerb or weed about the place but he could tell you the history of; and sure he knows how they manage to make the light run for miles under ground, and spout up out o' pipes in the streets o' Dublin. But about his knowledge, he'll have a better thing, and that, as I said afore, will be one-half my property, and a think any one can tell you what that is, ay, an' a'll take care that he makes a genteel settlement on her; am sayin' this, now, because if be speaks till her the morrow, the poor absent creature will never think o't. So a'll wish you good bye, and if you can pit in a good word for him between this and then, do it."

"I assure you, that so far as I am concerned, Mr. Wallace, the match has my most hearty approbation; however, as you say, let them see one another to-morrow, and either make or mar it, although I can tell you beforehand, that I have little hope it will be a match."

Old Sam, on his way home, thought, in the depth of his sagacity, that the match was a sure case; he had in fact got up a theory on the subject, which was, that the widow was only fighting shy in the matter, and that she had mentioned the proposals of William Calwell and James Trimble as an indirect stimulus to urge on the match with her daughter.

"A see," he said to himself, as he went home, "she's a nice one yon; deil a thing she was doin' but playin' me aff. Weel then, who can blame her? as for me, a won't quarrel wi' her for that,—only it's a pleasant thing to see that there's a good look up for the minister, poor man."

His appearance at home was like that of the messenger with glad tidings, for in spite of his Presbyterian caution, he felt too much reliance in his own penetration to imagine for a moment that he could have been mistaken.

"Weel minister," said he, when he saw his son, "they say all is not goold that glitters, but a say that every thing looks weel yonder. I didna see the lassie hersel, but a did her mother, and what do ye think she tauld me? Why, that she refused two offers for your sake—no that she said for your sake, but I knew her meanin' by her mumpin; haith boy, I think ye'll carry it wi' a flowin' sail the morrow."

The fine eyes of his poor son gleamed with an expression of joy; he took his father's hand and shook it warmly and tenderly, and as he did the tears fell down his

"God bless you, my dear father," said he—"God bless you; you have exerted yourself kindly and affectionately for the happiness of your son; and so, after all, the dream of yesterday was not an empty and illusive fantasy! Thank God; but the happiness will I fear be too great, more than I will be able to bear, for I am not strong, my father."

"You are to see her the morrow at one o'clock," replied the old man, "but don't be disheartened, but speak till her like a man, face to face."

"I will go now and walk in the fields," replied his son, where for the present we will leave him to his dreams and meditations.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

#### THE LAKE HOMES OF THE IRISH.

BY WILLIAM F. WAKEMAN.

That within the limits of the United Kingdom a single specimen of what may be considered a kind of Irish Herculaneum should have been recently brought to light, is a fact that may surprise many of our readers. Yet since the year 1839 or '40, the period of the discovery of the long-submerged island at Lagore, county Meath, no fewer than one hundred and sixty ancient stockaded homes of the old Gaelic population of Ireland have been found, and more or less examined.

Though within the last hundred years so much has been written upon the subject of Celtic antiquities, the very existence of the "Crannoques," or wooden dwellings of the ancient Irish, had not been even supposed. Similar discoveries have recently been made in several of the lakes in Switzerland, and in almost every instance a quantity of antiquities of stone, bone, bronze or iron have been found. As from the dawn of the historic period a great intercourse existed between Erin and Alba, and as the language and habits of the ancestors of the great majority of the Scottish people were identical with those of the Scoti or Irish, it is far from improbable that many an ancient Celtic home may be unnoticed beneath the waters of not a few of the Scottish or even English lakes.

Before touching on the subject of the Irish Crannogues, and of the wonderful collection of antiquities they usually contain, we shall slightly glance at the more known and perhaps earlier habitations of stone, and of which some hundreds of examples still remain in Ireland.

Up to a very recent period it was an opinion generally received amongst archeologists that the only relica of ancient domestic architecture remaining in Ireland. were to be found in the so-called bee-hive houses, or Cloughawns, some, at least, of which are of a prehistoric age; and in structures of a somewhat similar character, which were certainly the dwellings of the early Irish saints. The cloughawns of the ante-Christian period are usually found in groups, and are very generally encompassed by a cashel, or wall, of great strength. pierced for one or two doorways formed of immense stones, and displaying the flat lintel and inclined sides so characteristic of the earliest known structures of Greece or Egypt. In external appearance they differ but slightly from the cells or dwelling-houses of the early Irish ecclesiastics, and may be described as a circular or oval wall constructed without cement, and vaulted by a kind of dome, formed by the overlapping of large stones. Windows there are none. The doorway is similar in character to that at the cashel already referred to, but is invariably small, seldom measuring four feet in height, sometimes even less. It is rarely that any opening by which smoke could escape can be found. though from the frequent discovery of charcoal and of stones marked by fire when the floors have been disturbed, it is evident that fires had sometimes been used within their enclosure. It is likely, however, that in a rude age the simple culinary operations then practised were generally carried on in the open air. The cloughawns which, from their evident connection with monastic buildings of early date, must be regarded as the habitations of the communities to which the sacred edifices belonged, differ from those of an earlier period, inasmuch as their internal form is almost invariably quadrangular. Greater care also seems to have been expended on the construction of the masonry, more particularly upon the interior, as in many examples the stones are so nicely adjusted to each other, that it would be difficult to insert the point of an ordinary knife between the joinings of any two of them, although in the great majority of instances no mortar appears to have been used. In point of dimensions the cloughawns, whether Pagan or early Christian, do not vary materially. They are generally closed in at a distance of from twelve to sixteen feet from the floor, and their diameter internally rarely exceeds eighteen feet.

Intimately connected with the cloughawn is the subterraneous house or cave, constructed precisely in the same manner, but differing from the former, inasmuch as that it is rarely if ever found unconnected by means of passages, lined and roofed in with stone, with other structures of a similar kind. The subterrane is usually approached by a gallery of considerable length, wider at the bottom than the top, and exhibiting masoury similar to that which is found in the oldest architectural works of which we have any knowledge. From the first chamber passages of a kind identical with that

of the leading gallery, and varying in length from six or eight to twenty feet, conduct to other circular or oval rooms. In a sandhill immediately adjoining the old church of Clady, near Bective, county Meath, a very singular cluster of these subterranean bee-hive houses may still be seen; but they are so commonly found in almost every part of the country which affords a sufficient depth of soil for their construction, that further reference to ordinary examples may perhaps be considered unnecessary. In 1848, during the formation of the railway between Drogheda and Navan, the workmen discovered a portion of a very large and important work of the kind, which was soon visited by hundreds of the inhabitants of the latter town. It consisted of a chamber of quadrangular form, measuring about thirty feet by fourteen, vaulted in the usual way, and about twelve feet in height. The quadrangular form is extremely rare, but no doubt other examples lie undiscovered beneath the soil. Upon disturbing the earth of the Navan chamber, a considerable number of bones belonging to sheep, oxen, and deer, were discovered; and what is important as proving the domestic character of the work, many of the bones bore the marks of a rough saw. Excepting the bones and a quantity of charcoal, the remains of ancient fires, nothing in this instance was found to indicate that the place had ever been devoted to the purpose of a human habitation; but it is a curious fact, as illustrating a popular tradition very generally current, that these caverns had anciently been used as granaries; that upon being newly reopened, the handmill or quern stone, immemorially used in Ireland for the grinding of corn, is not unfrequently found. A very fine specimen from a chambered rath, situated upon the river Blackwater, near Rathaldron, county Meath, may be seen in the Antiquarian Collection in the Royal Irish Academy.-See page 112 in the Catalogue of the Stone Antiquities, so ably edited by Dr. Wilde. With respect to the uses to which the subterranean chambers had been applied, various opinions have been offered. Before the nature and character of our early national antiquities had begun to be investigated by careful and conscientious writers, they were most peaceably confounded with a class of monument now known to have been sepulchral-as the caverned tumuli of Newgrange, Dowth, and Knowth. By others they were looked upon as granaries, or simply as places of concealment. From the fact of their very frequent occurrence within the area of a dun or caher, works known to have been constructed during the earliest times as fortified dwellings, we have no hesitation in classing them with the primitive cloughawn, which, it should be remembered, is rarely if ever found where excavations could be practised, except through solid limestone rock; that the chambers discovered in a plain field, unconnected with or unenclosed by a rampart or ditch, were formerly equally unprotected, does not by any means appear certain, as during the agricultural operations of ages even formidable works might have been obliterated, or their defences might have been composed of timber, it being a matter of history that

fortifications of that material were frequently used by the ancient Scotic nations.

It may be asked what evidence have we for referring these plain, simply-constructed works to a period lost in the obscurity of history. Documentary evidence there is certainly little; but by a comparison of their architectural peculiarities with those of monuments of unquestionable prehistoric age, the eye of a practised antiquary will detect a similarity of style which could not be accounted for by accident. Again, their frequent occurrence either as subterranes or cloughawns within the enclosure of raths or cahers, would connect them in many instances with a species of fortification, which is known to have been used in Ireland at least as early as the first century of the Christian era.

It has sometimes been asserted by writers of authority (in their time), that the Scoti or ancient Irish people were in the habit of building in timber only. Their opinions appear to have been grounded upon a few passages found in the writings of Bede the historian, and upon the authority of several MSS, of various periods from the seventh to the twelfth century. The writers of these venerable documents were almost invariably ecclesiastics, and their remarks refer to the construction of buildings devoted to religion, as churches, monasteries, etc. That the practice of building in stone was known in Ireland during a period long antecedent to the arrival of Saint Patrick, is sufficiently attested by monuments universally allowed by the highest archæological authorities of this and other countries to belong to a period older than any authentic annals of the British islands, witness the "giant's chambers," the cromlechs, and the magnificent cairns upon the Boyne.

If the ancient stone habitations of the Irish should ever be regularly classified, the following is probably the order in which the varieties should be described:—

Firstly, the subterraneous chambers of a circular or oval form, connected together by passages, and found within the inclosure of a dun or caber; secondly, a similar building found unenclosed, but round which defences of wood, earth, or stone may formerly have existed; thirdly, the cloughawn or bee-hive house, found in the fort or in the plain field; fourthly, the "Saint's house" or cloughawn, of early Christian times; of the latter class a few specimens of the highest interest remain. These had evidently been ancient at a time when it was found necessary to remodel their roofs, and generally to reconstruct the upper portion, and in their alterations, evidently comparatively modern, we find the architectural peculiarities of the twelfth century, a period during which the Irish are described as having first learned the art of building in stone and mortar !- Our limits have not allowed us more than a glance at the curious habitations of stone which Ireland so abundantly possesses. We now come to buildings of timber, perhaps equally ancient, but to which more interest naturally attaches from the immense number of antiquities usually found within and around them.

We allude to the crannogues, or artificially-constructed

islands, which the drainage operations recently carried on in various parts of the country have laid bare.

A popular tradition exists, that many Irish lakes contain the remains of submerged cities and towers. Moore has woven the idea into one of his most exquisite melodies.

"On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays, When the clear cold eve's declining, He sees the round towers of other days, In the wave beneath him shining," &c.

If the lakes, upon being partially drained, have not given us the "round towers," they have in more than one county presented the every-day dwelling-houses of a people who, at an extremely ancient, though as yet undefined age, adopted or constructed these island homes. Before going further it will be proper to describe what the crannogues are. They are artificial islands, usually constructed upon what was probably a shoal in an ancient lake. The engineers of the Board of Works thus describe their general formation: "They are surrounded by stockades driven in a circle from sixty to eighty feet in diameter, but in some cases the enclosure is larger, and oval in shape. The stakes of these are generally of oak, mostly young trees, from four to nine inches broad, usually in a single row, but sometimes in double, and sometimes in treble. portions of the stakes remaining in the ground bear the marks of the hatchet by which they were felled. Several feet of these piles must have originally projected above the water, and were probably interlaced with horizontal branches, so as to form a screen or breastwork. The surface within the staked enclosure is sometimes covered over with a layer of round logs, cut into lengths of from four to six feet, over which was placed more or less stones, clay, or gravel. In some instances this platform is confined to a portion of the island. Besides these, pieces of oak framing, with mortices and cheeks cut into them, have been found within the circle of the outer work.

About one mile and a half from the village of Dunshaughlin, in the county of Meath, the first great discovery of a little Irish Herculaneum was made about twenty years ago. In cutting a drain for the purpose of reclaiming a considerable portion of bog land which seems sunk in a basin of about two miles in circumference, and which is still popularly styled "The Lake," the diggers came upon an immense quantity of animal remains, consisting of the bones of oxen, sheep, swine, deer, dogs, foxes, etc. A traffic in the bones was carried on for a considerable time in Dublin without exciting any extraordinary notice, but after a while some articles manufactured of iron and some of bronze found their way, along with the bones, to the "marine stores" of the metropolis, and soon excited the attention of collectors of antiquities. Doctors Petrie and Wilde, with, we believe, a mutual friend or two, were the first to visit the scene of the "find," and it is greatly to be regretted that we have no detailed report of their joint observations, though Dr. Wilde has given a most interesting and valuable description of the animal remains.

For some years after the formation of the original drain. little appears to have been done at Lagore beyond the usual operations of turf cutting, during which, however, the bones still turned up, and amongst them, from time to time, a considerable number of antiquities of a kind which we shall presently notice. In 1848 one of the proprietors of a portion of the "Island" opened the ground anew, and during a period of about a month the writer of this article visited the place almost daily, and was afforded every facility for making observations. As far as could be calculated from the small portion of the work uncovered, the circumference of the crannogue might be about six hundred feet. The south-western portion alone appears to have been opened. On this side, and probably upon the others, a double and in some places a triple set of oaken stakes had been driven into the bed of the lake. Within the enclosure, which formed a kind of low mound, a number of huts were discovered very similar in character to the log-house found in Drumkelia bog, county Donegal, and thus described in the twenty-sixth volume of the Archæologia, by Captain W. Mudge, R.N.: "As shown in the plan, the house consisted of a square structure, twelve feet wide and nine feet high, formed of rough blocks and planks of oak timber, apparently split with wedges. The framework was composed of upright posts and horizontal sleepers, mortised at the angles, the end of each upright post being inserted into the lower sleeper of the frame, and fastened by a large block of wood or forelock. The mortices were very roughly cut, as if they had been made with a kind of blunt instrument, the wood being more bruised than cut, and it may be inferred that a stone chisel (celt), which was found lying upon the floor of the house, was the identical tool with which the mortices were cut. By comparing the chisel with the cuts and marks, I found it," adds Captain Mudge, "to correspond exactly with them, even to the slight curved surface of the chisel; but the logs have evidently been hewn with a larger instrument in the shape of an axe, which, I have no doubt, was also of stone, as the marks, though larger than those the chisel would have made, are of the same character, being rather hollow and small cuts, and not presenting the smooth flat surface produced by our common iron axe."

The house described by Captain Mudge is probably the oldest work of the kind hitherto noticed. The timbers of which it was formed had evidently been shaped by stone implements. The huts of the Lagore or Dunshaughlin crannogue may be many centuries later, as all the woodwork had been fashioned by instruments of metal, many of which were found within and around the island. The ordinary crannogue hut may be described from several at Lagore. It should be remarked that in about one hundred and sixty lake homes discovered in Ireland, only a very few tolerably perfect buts were found. The building was of a quadrangular form, constructed upon a framework, as in Captain Mudge's example, of upright posts mortised into sleepers. The posts were grooved generally to a depth of

from one and a half to two inches, and into the hollows pannels of oak of about three inches in thickness were inserted. Of the roof we have no remains; it was probably elevated, and closed in with timbers similar to those of the sides, which were most likely guarded by an overcoating of clay against fire thrown by an assailant. From the length of the upright the edifice appears to have had an elevation of about eight or nine feet internally to the spring of the roof. The floor was always of stone, and it would appear that where the surface of the crannogue was not completely covered by habitations, there were several hearths for the purpose of open-air cooking. With respect to the age of these extraordinary buildings we cannot produce any documentary evidence. Allusions to the crannogues occur for the first time in the Irish Annals in the tenth century; but as "celts" of stone, and bronze weapons have been discovered in connection with several, it is probable that a period of about two thousand years may be assigned as an approximate date of some of the earliest.

We may generally class the objects discovered in the

crannogues hitherto examined as follows:

Firstly-Weapons and instruments of bronze, or of a kind of bronze often much lighter in colour than found in the weapons, tools, etc., and called Celts, and in the swords, spear-heads, and so forth, of the earliest

metallic period.

Secondly-Weapons and instruments composed of iron, the nature of which is particularly soft, and which in many specimens appears to corrode into a black stringy mass. In some instances, owing probably to the nature of the soil immediately in contact with them, the antiquities of iron appear in almost perfect preservation, exhibiting only a slightly black or bluish crust, which may be rubbed off with a little pressure, leaving the metal as bright as when first forged.

Thirdly-Objects of glass and enamel work, and a few of pottery. Much of the enamel work, and some of the glass, might perhaps be described under the head of iron or bronze remains, as they are usually found

encrusted upon one or other of those metals.

Fourthly-Articles of bone, of which some thousands of specimens occur.

Fifthly—Articles of stone. Sixthly—Animal remains which have not been manufactured; and

Seventhly-Miscellaneous objects such as portions of dress, wooden drinking vessels, boats, etc.

Weapons or instruments of the true antique bronze are rarely found; but many hundreds of objects of brass or of a later kind of bronze have been collected. Pins occur in an almost incredible quantity. The greater number consist of a plain bar of bronze-like metal, ornamented chiefly about the head, but many are furnished with moveable rings at their upper extremity, and in several instances the rings are enriched by enamel, generally a combination of red and yellow, arranged in an interlaced pattern. Beads of blue glass, semi-opaque, have been found upon the ring, or have been overlapped by the pinhead, so as to constitute a ring in themselves. Brooches of exquisite workmanship and of most chaste and elegant design are found in connection with the rudest skewer-like pins of bone and even of wood. From the latter rude substitute for buttons the magnificent enamelled brooch may be traced step by step. The head has been fashioned into the form of an ornament, often of a ring pattern; next comes the plain moveable ring. Then the ring is divided and expanded at the ends to receive ornamentation frequently of enamel, and so to the fully-developed brooch. with its exquisitely interlaced patterns, and settings of glass, enamel or amber. In one instance the brooch was discovered carefully deposited in a box of yew, evidently formed for its safe keeping.

Tweezers, richly decorated and admirably adapted for the purpose of the removal of superfluous hairs, indicate that the islanders were not unmindful of their

personal appearance.

Articles as diminutive as a small needle have been found so well preserved, that they might be still available for the manufacture of woollen garments. Shears or scissors of various sizes, bodkins and beautifully formed little knives, appear to have belonged to the fairer portion of the inhabitants. A fondness for personal decoration probably amongst the ladies is further indicated by the discovery of bracelets of bronze, jet, and strange to say, of glass, usually blue, semi-opaque, and ornamented with white interlacing patterns in the same material. Nor are necklaces wanting. In most of the crannogues, beads of enamelled glass, exhibiting in various colours spiral or herringbone ornamentation of jet and of amber, have been abundantly found. The beads of glass and enamel are amongst the most beautiful specimens of ancient manufacturing art hitherto discovered in the British islands. The enamel work, as found upon many of the brooches and pins, is extremely curious. The art was not known to the classical nations of antiquity during a period corresponding with the Roman occupation of Britain. Many of the pins and smaller objects, it should be observed, are exquisitely decorated in a style called "Niello work."

Of weapons or instruments devoted to war or the chase, many specimens have been discovered amongst the timbers of the huts, or in the adjoining soil. They consist chiefly of axe-heads of iron exactly similar to those represented upon the supposed Pictish monuments remaining in Scotland; swords, spear-heads, and daggers, the veritable "scian dubh" of the Highlanders. The swords are rarely more than twenty-four inches in length, and are often much shorter, and may be described as of two kinds: 1st, A straight-sided, doubleedged blade, terminating somewhat abruptly in a triangular point. 2ndly, A blade also double-edged, but increasing in breadth from the handle towards the point, which, as in the other kind is usually of a triangular form. The handles, which are invariably so small as to excite surprise, were formed of bone, or horn, or of wood, and in many cases are ornamented with mountings of bronze. There were no guards, unless the slight projection of

the hilt, overlapping the blade, can be so styled. The knives are of different kinds, and vary in size, from that of the modern office-knife, to about two feet. They are sharp only on one side, are finely pointed, and in the smaller examples had been socketed in little handles of wood or bone. The larger "scians," which may probably have been at times used as swords, have handles not differing from the true sword-hilt of bone or wood. The spear-heads are of various sizes; some are so diminutive that they might have been arrow points, while others measure nearly two feet. They are fashioned and ornamented exactly like the lanceheads usually found in Anglo-Saxon tumuli of about the sixth century. The base of the weapon seems also to have been armed with an iron point, as very frequently, where the heads have been discovered, a number of hollow, conical pieces of horn have accompanied them. The great majority of the swords, spearheads, and axes, are curiously small. One of the axe-heads scarcely measures an inch and a half in extreme length, and was probably a child's toy. Many of the ornaments also could only have been used by children.

Amongst the iron antiquities the occurrence of a few bridle-bits of iron tempt us to picture an ancient Celtic chief armed with his spear, sword, and axe, prancing along on his little steed, probably a kind of sheltie, for the bits are so small, that a horse of moderate size for our days could almost swallow them, side rings and all.

Many other portions of horse furniture may have been turned up, but hitherto none have been identified That the islanders were in the habit of preying upon their neighbours, the fish, is shewn by the finding in several of the crannogues very well manufactured eel-spears. The sickles with which they cut their corn, the little saws with which they shaped their timber, the gouges with which they hollowed their boats or smoothed their lance shafts, their pots and skillets, are all represented by specimens more or less preserved in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, or in private collections. We should far exceed our limits were we to describe at greater length the fund of iron treasures which the lake islands have yielded to modern inquiry. We must pass to the objects of bone, a material which appears to have been very generally used amongst our forefathers in the manufacture of small ornamental articles, as well as in that of warlike weapons. It would appear, from the number of combs found in the crannogues, that great attention had been paid by the islanders to the cultivation of their hair. The combs, though rather coarse for the ideas of a modern belle, are often beautifully formed, and exhibit a variety of fanciful ornamentation. That they were considered precious many hundreds of years ago is evinced by the care with which ancient cracks, in several specimens, had been mended or secured by bronze wire. The combs are identical in form and decoration with many found in Roman stations in England, and which are supposed to have been in use not later than the fourth century A.D. But by far the most numerous articles of bone are the pins, bodkins, and needles, many of which

exhibit great taste on the part of their manufacturers, Circular discs of bone, pierced in the centre and variously ornamented, are supposed to have been used in the process of spinning, and many pieces of tolerably fine woollen cloth are preserved amongst the other antiquities from Dunshaughlin and elsewhere. From the finding of a vast number of objects of metal, evidently in an unfinished state, and the occurrence of well-made crucibles in several of the more important crannogues. there can be little doubt that a manufactory of some kind anciently existed in several of the islands. At Dunshaughlin and at Strokestown large bones, such as might have belonged to the fore-leg of a cow, have been found nicely smoothed, and on the polished surface are engraved a variety of devices such as decorate the sides of many of the earliest stone crosses of Ireland. Some of the patterns are wonders of design and execution, and have evidently been finished with great care; while others have been apparently abandoned, and some are simple beginnings, consisting of mere scratches, in which, however, a regular plan can be distinctly traced. The designs are identical in character with many works known to be not later than the eighth century, and are, no doubt, "studies" made upon a small scale and in a soft material, to be afterwards enlarged and wrought out in stone or perhaps in bronze, as many of the brooches and other antiquities are decorated with similar patterns.

Strange as it may seem, when in all the crannogues a greater or less number of exquisitely-finished works in metal or other material have been found, objects of the rudest description very frequently accompany them. There may have been rich and poor among the islanders, or the articles must have been cast at times far apart; else it is strange to find savage-looking daggers, spear, and even axe heads of bone, lying within perhaps a few feet of graceful, highly-finished, and often well-steeled weapons.

The stone antiquities, though numerous, do not present any great variety. They consist chiefly of quern stones, the lamk-bro of the Irish, whetstones in great numbers, small perforated discs, usually called "whoils," supposed, like similar articles of bone, already described to have been used at the end of the distaff; besides a number of minor objects of less obvious character. Nearly every whetstone is pierced at one end, and some we have seen were furnished with a neat little loop or ring of bronze, as if for the purpose of suspending them.

It is not to be supposed that our islanders were without the means of visiting the main land. In the neighbourhood of every crannogue hitherto discovered a boat or boats have been found. They are invariably formed in cance fashion, of a single piece of oak, and must be considered as very rude specimens of naval architecture. Boats of the kind, though extremely narrow and shallow, from their great length, (one we have seen measures twenty-two feet,) might safely carry a considerable number of passengers. A very fine specimen of the ancient Celtic boat was left high and dry upon the partial drainage of Strokestown crannogue, but as no-

body claimed it the country-people had it soon chopped up for firewood!

We have said that the earliest notice of a crannogue in the Irish Annals occurs in the tenth century. The Four Masters state that in A.D 848, "Cinadeth, (Kennedy,) son of Conaing, lord of Cinachta-Breagh, in Meath, went with a strong force of foreigners, andplundered the Ui-Neill from the Sionainu (the river Shannon) to the sea; and he plundered the island of Loch Gabor, and afterwards burned it, so that it was level with the ground." Loch Gabor is the Lagore or Dunshaughlin of this article; but numerous references to crannogues, of various dates from the ninth to the sixteenth century, occur in the Annals above quoted.

With reference to the antiquities which we have little more than mentioned, and of which we could not hope to give a tolerably correct idea without the assistance of draughtsman and engraver, we may state that they have been examined by Kemble, Petrie, Wilde, Worsaae, Franks, and others, who have made the study of antiquities rank in its proper place as a science, and not as a harmless weakness peculiar to old gentlemen of the Dryasdust school. According to these authorities ninetenths of the crannogue antiquities bear in their form, style of ornamentation, and in other respects, evidence of extreme antiquity. They are usually the work of a people who trod the lands we now call our own, at a

time when the older civilization of the period of bronze had been decaying, perhaps, for many centuries, and ere yet a new style of art and manufacture for which Ireland especially, amongst the nations of western Europe, was famous, had become fully developed. The Opus Hibernicum was celebrated through Europe from a period about as early as the sixth century.

How the islands became submerged may be easily accounted for without recurring to the notices of burning and plundering, with which early authorities furnish us. It is well known that anciently the greater portion of Ireland was covered with a dense forest. As in the course of ages of neglect the water courses by which the greater rivers were fed became choked up, the forests became swamps, and eventually peat bogs. In like manner the outlets of the lochs ceased to carry off the water which winter storms would cause to invade the low-lying crannogues, in several of which there is evidence to prove that they had been gradually submerged.

Thanks to the engineers of the Board of Works, and to many private individuals, we now possess in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, much more than the nucleus of a collection, which, if properly studied, will throw more light upon the state, social and intellectual, of our ancestors, during, perhaps, the darkest period of their history, than all the books that have been written upon the subject.

#### VOYAGERS OF VENICE.

BY THOMAS IRWIN.

On the breast of the waters, superb in repose,
Twixt the moon and the sunset the rich City glows:
Half the domes are aflame in the sea-setting glare,—
Half silvered and sad in the northern air;
But dread is the gleam of the waters that lie
In the interspace, black as the Ethiop's eye.

As the cupolas glimmered, far off in the calm, In a burst of white moonlight the gondolas swam, And chorussed awhile a young troubadour's lay—Then parting, oared off in a tumult of spray; Each scattering songs to the midnight divine Of love, far niente, abandon, and wine.

'Twas then on the steps of a palace that showed
Its red granite front to the eastern flood,
Two grey-bearded voyagers sate in the night;
On their turribant's folds the thick jewels shone bright;
But brighter than topaz or emerald's ray
Were the deep eyes they bent o'er the space of the spray.

Lampless and hushed as the halls of the dead,
Their wide palace chambers loomed dark overhead:
Thick crowded with rich travel trophies were all,
Skin, plumage, and armour hung deep on each wall;
Great ingots lay chested, and scents dry and rare
Made precious the draught of the dark-passing air.

In a turret remote, 'mid the wild waters' gloom, A bell tolled the hour like a sound from the tomb; In the wave-light their old Bacchic cups shimmered dim, As the last broken notes of a requiem hymn Rose and died round the altar that glimmered afar-Like the voice of the waves round a sea-setting star.

SONG.

" O for the jubilant time Of the mariner's youthful roaming,

When our fairy pinnace flew, Surging o'er seas of blue, Amid waves and goblets foaming :-

Then life was a summer clime.

O for the island shore, Where the blue Pacific urges The seas from distant lands Oer its marble reefs and sands, Where they burst in sunlit surges-

We shall see it-nevermore!

" Lo! tis the signal oar Over the night sea lifted !-Look! through the stilly vines, Where the pale moonlight shines, A boat like a leaf has drifted-Haste, haste to the shore!

Leave the grape-cup full, The lute mid the closing flowers; She whom the waves are winging Music and wine is bringing-Queen of the islands bowers, Dream-eyed Uluul!"

O for the wanderings By shores remote, or when, O'er the weary desert brown. Rose the rained columned town. When swarthy groups of men Stretched by the palm-tree springs.

"Approach, thou desert guest! Bishmilla! here's thy home; Where'er by star you steer, May'st thou be safe as here; Dread thou nor man nor gnome,

But take till the dawn thy rest."

O for the wreathed dances Of sleep-eyed Eastern maids, Draped in their blue simars, Sprinkled with spersed stars,-In the low evening glades Where the Arabs rest their lances.

VIII.

O for the hours when we In the foggy autumn hunted,

Through many a sunless day, The tusked boar at bay, In the reeds and boscage stunted Of Umbria's dusky lea;-

When we bent our midnight paces Alone o'er the desert drawn, By the arm of starred Orion, And heard the drooped-tailed lion Roar in the sandy dawn

Beneath the ambry spaces.

And O for the tranced twilights, When our spirits burst their bars, And with heart and brain of fire, We drank with a bard's desire To the dreaming maids of the stars-Our wine-cups shone in their lights.

Yes, round the fresh bright world, We have been wont to roam, Heaving on sultry sails To its burning sun-belt gales, Or skirring the crushed pole,

In the flouting snow-drift furled.

Old ocean voyagers we, Restless and sad are growing; Our orb's already seen, And through Time's dusky screen, We hear the great tides flowing On to Eternity.

Our joys, old memories Of varied voyages over; Yet have we both one will, Feeble but fiery still,-Each longs to be a rover On you great midnight seas.

Fill me of southern wine That cup of ruby darkling, We years ago found hid In the wombed pyramid ;-Lo! the great worlds are sparkling Over its depths divine.

XIV.

A last cool fragrant cup, Like the death draught that waits us, Drink we-as hushed we ponder O'er the soul's voyagings yonder-What so this night elates us? Lo! the Morn Star is up."

#### THE WHITE LADY OF BESSBOROUGH.

In the beautiful demesne of Bessborough, near one of its neat cottages, and on a gentle slope that rises from the clear stream which intersects it, stands an aged and hoary hawthorn, coeval, or nearly so, with the stately and venerable oaks that ornament the magnificent parks. To this hawthorn is attached a legend of no ordinary interest, once indeed generally known among the peasantry, but now almost forgotten.

In the month of October 1649, Oliver Cromwell having, with rapid success and terrible retribution, overrun the greater part of Leinster, and being prepared to inflict the same devastation on Munster, laid siege to Ross, with a design of crossing the Barrow. This town, though then considered strong, surrendered after a feeble resistance; and a bridge of boats was accordingly thrown across its river, over which numerous parties of cavalry were dispatched to scour and pillage the county of Kilkenny, and cut off the supplies of Ormond, who lay at some distance with the royalist army. All this was attended with complete success, so that finding no enemy to oppose him, Cromwell resolved to seize upon Carrick, and gain access over its bridge to the county of Waterford, and make himself master of the important town of Waterford. He accordingly dispatched Colonel Reynolds and Sir John Ponsonby, with several squadrons of horse and dragoons, in order to effect that object. Their road all along, for the most part, lay through a badly-cultivated country, in many parts abounding with rocks, and rugged tracts of heath intersected with marsh or bog. But on passing through the defile which in latter days has acquired a mournful celebrity from the untimely death of a popular nobleman, (the late Marquis of Waterford,) and arriving at the brow of the chain of hills that overlook the barony of Iverk, a scene of unparalleled grandeur and beauty burst suddenly on their view. Just beneath lay the rich and thickly-wooded valley of Kildalton, and at a little distance farther on could be traced the silvery line of the "gentle Suir," winding along for miles beneath a chain of richly-wooded hills, and dividing several counties in its clear progress. The western horizon was bounded by the majestic chain of the Cummeragh mountains, whilst far to the north-west stretched what is emphatically called, for its richness and beauty, "the Golden Vale." A thrill of surprise and delight seized upon both men and officers, and they simultaneously halted for some moments to gaze on the glorious scene that lay before them; but the stern duties of war give but little opportunity even to the most poetic for the indulgence of such feelings. The distant but clear view of the town of Carrick soon put all other reflections aside, and the hope of being in full possession of it before the already-sinking sun would set beneath the Waterford hills, engrossed all their thoughts. To effect this object a plan had been conceived by Sir John Ponsonby, and revealed to Colonel Reynolds and the principal officers of the party. It was, to order several country people, and some of the local gentry VOL. III.

whom they had taken prisoners, under promise of life and protection, to advance mounted on horseback before the walls of the town, and to proclaim in the Irish language to the garrison and townsmen that they were of the Irish party sent by Ormond and the confederates to strengthen the garrisons of Carrick and Clonmel, and to prevent their falling into the hands of Cromwell. The ruse succeeded to their entire satisfaction: the garrison seeing several country people mounted, and who, as they supposed, acted as guides, and seeing in their company several of the neighbouring gentry whom they had previously known, supposed them to be what they represented themselves, readily opened their gates and admitted them into the town; but their unsuspecting generosity was here sorely mistaken. No sooner did the dragoons get inside the gates, than they dismounted, unslung their carbines, and took possession of the gates and walls, whilst the affrighted garrison, taken unawares, fled some across the bridge into the adjoining county of Waterford, whilst others, less fortunate, shut themselves up in the castle, once the princely residence of the House of Ormond. These, however, next day, on quietly surrendering, were allowed to march away unmolested to the nearest garrison town. News being brought to Cromwell, who still lay at Ross, of the success of this expedition, he made haste with his whole army to join these forces, and lay siege to Waterford, which he hoped to gain possession of, as winter-quarters for his now weary troops: his army marching over the rugged country lately traversed by his cavalry, took two full days to come up, being encumbered with artillery, ammunition and provision waggons. As a guide and escort, Sir John Ponsonby with part of the cavalry under his and Colonel Reynold's command, advanced from Carrick several miles on the way to meet him. Cromwell heartily congratulated him on the success of his plan, and warmly shaking him by the hand, offered to reward his services by a large tract of the rich land that lay beneath them in the valley which we have already alluded to. The admiration felt by Ponsonby's cavalry was as loudly and enthusiastically expressed by the whole army, on first beholding that magnificent scene. The general-in-chief himself having surveyed it over and over, exclaimed to those around him, "This is a country worth fighting for." He immediately descended into the valley, where he ordered his cavalry to dismount, and bivouac; sending the greater part of his foot, with the artillery and baggage, into the neighbouring town of Carrick, he, with some of his chief officers, took up his quarters in a fine old castellated mansion, surrounded by rich and well-cultivated lands, and studded here and there with oaks of immense size and venerable age. The proprietor of this mansion was a gentleman of old Norman extraction, named Dalton of Kildalton. He, relying on his innocence, as it was then termed, remained in his house, together with his daughter Winifred and a few faithful domestics, all of whom waited with palpitating hearts the approach of the Parliamentary general and his officers. As troop after troop of the cavalry dismounted and tethered their horses in the large

and well-sheltered parks, the foot in busy haste pitched their tents, and prepared for their evening repast and rest. In the meanwhile Cromwell, attended by officers and a large detachment of his own invincible Ironsides, drew near the entrance of the mansion where he was to take up his quarters. He was met by Dalton and his fair and half-fainting daughter, both of whom humbly, and on their knees, proffered to the weary but stern general and his staff, whatever hospitality their poor house afforded. At that time there was little safety for innocence or guilt. If any joined in the Irish rebellion, as that war was called, which was undertaken by the people in defence of their lives, religion, and king, proscription and death were sure to await them. If they remained at home in quiet neutrality, it was alleged as treason against them, that they had not taken up arms on the Parliament side against their countrymen.

"Ho sirrah! Irish traitor," said Cromwell, with scornful voice, "darest thon abide our coming? Thon shalt hang for thy treason on yonder blighted oak a fit gibbet methinks for rebellious papists. And you, wench," said he, addressing himself to old Dalton's imploring daughter, "get thee home thou daughter of Moab; were it not for thy sex, thou too wouldst dangel on the same tree as thy doomed sire."

The venerable aspect, the grey hairs and pleading posture of Dalton, together with the shrieks and entreaties of his lovely daughter, created a moment's pause, and complete silence followed this burst of angry words from the General, which was interrupted by the timely interference of Sir John Ponsonby in behalf of this unhappy old man and his daughter.

"May it please you, my Lord General," said he, in a gentle winning tone, "to hear what I have to say in behalf of this man. He it was, on promise of life and protection, that aided me, with others of his countrymen, to gain admittance into yonder town, which act of service made me, as far as lay in my power, extend-to him these favours."

On hearing this Cromwell relented somewhat in his rage, and ordered Dalton and his daughter to withdraw. On entering, Cromwell and his officers found that due preparation had not been wanting on the part of the owner of the dwelling, to give suitable entertainment to his unwelcome and dreaded guests. After the viands had been disposed of, and a moderate quantity of choice wines and usquebagh had created a better feeling in the hearts of the party, it was agreed on to act with more moderation towards the disconsolate proprietor and his daughter. Cromwell ordered both to be summoned to his presence, and as they stood trembling beneath the fiery glance of his large rolling eyes, he thus addressed himself to the old man:

"Well has it been for thee, thou child of Belial, that service has been rendered by thee to the forces of the British parliament, considered by those present as sufficient cause to have thy life spared, which thou hast justly forfeited for thy resistance to the godly workings of the gospel in this heathenish land of Ireland. I have heard from my officer, Sir John Ponsonby, what thou

hast done to aid us, in the taking of this our town of Carrick, and therefore at the instance of that gallant officer spare thee thy life, with permission to abide in this portion of our Republic; or if thou wilt, thou and thy daughter may have safe conduct to France, or any other country in peace with this our Commonwealth, But sirrah, it behoves thee to give up quiet and peaceable possession of this thy house and lands, in the name of the British parliament, to this our officer, whose faithful services we are going to reward by this and other forfeitures of Irish rebellious Panists."

It has been often remarked that a man will forfeit all his earthly goods to save his life, so the proposal of yielding all was readily accepted by Dalton and his fond and loving daughter, who grew almost wild with joy at the offer of life and liberty to her beloved parent. During the few days of Cromwell's stay in the fine old feudal mansion of the Daltons of Kildalton Sir John Ponsonby, into whose hands all the property of that proscribed family fell, entertained him and the officers who formed his suite, with all possible care and attention. He also kindly bid its former proprietor and his gentle and lovely daughter to stay within the precincts of their once happy home until further arrangements might be made for them: this unexpected civility filled both their hearts with joy. All other losses were forgotten and their misfortunes were absorbed in the all-engrossing thought of the happy liberation from what was deemed inevitable and immediate death, Previous to Cromwell's departure, he appointed Sir John Ponsonby military governor of the town of Carrick, with jurisdiction over the country for several miles around. Being put in possession of this important trust, Sir John's first care was to secure the town against all attacks of the enemy. A necessary precaution it proved to be, as in a short time after it was gallantly though unsuccessfully assailed by the Lords Ormond and Inchiquin, who were repulsed from its walls with the loss of over 400 of their best men. No enemy now at hand to interrupt his views, much of his care and time were directed towards the arrangement and improvement of his newly-acquired property of Kildalton: in the out-offices of this fine old mansion he continually kept a troop of his own regiment. He moreover allowed its former owner, with his daughter, to reside there, which contributed much to the preservation of all things in and around it: his kind and gentle manners, his tender consideration for the losses and sorrows of the old proprietor and his amiable daughter, whose beautiful countenance seemed to borrow new charms from her patiently-borne sorrows, and won sympathy from every heart; all this, added to his innate gracefulness of manner, insensibly created at first a remote and subsequently a vivid hope of both being left, in course of time, in full enjoyment of a once happy home and comfortable estate. Daily would the young and handsome cavalry officer ride out from the neighbouring town of Carrick to look after his affairs in his newly-acquired possessions; dinner being usually prepared in the hall of the old mansion, Dalton and his daughter were frequently invited and always welcome guests. Often when the mind

of

is stricken down with sorrow, gleams of delusive hope will shine forth, and the darker our fate or destiny, the brighter will sometimes appear those visions of future happiness. Such was the case with the old proprietor of the house and lands of Kildalton and his fair and virtuous daughter. The civilities shown to the old man and the graceful attentions paid to the young lady, soon bred an expectation, which rapidly strengthened into a firm hope, that a marriage had been contemplated by Sir John Ponsonby with the heiress of the house of Kildalton. Rumours to that effect had spread abroad among the retainers and tenants, who exulted in the hope of again living in peace and prosperity beneath the mild sway of their ancient rulers. This fondly-cherished expectation had been joyfully and repeatedly whispered into the willing ears of both father and daughter, and contributed greatly to augment the hope already conceived in their minds. Things had gone on this way for several months without any great alteration taking place either in the domestic arrangements of the family, or in regard to the conjectures which had filled the minds of those around respecting future events: but alas for all these baseless visions! those of the fond father of whom we write, and his loving and gentle daughter, were soon to be dissipated by the stern realities of bitter disappoint-

On a fine April day, Sir John Ponsonby, accompanied by a lady and a gay cavalcade of gentlemen and officers, rode up the long avenue that led to the house of Kildalton. His object was to introduce his newlymarried wife, who was daughter to the Lord Ffolliot of Ballyshannon, to her demesnes in the county of Kilkenny. As usual he was met with the kind welcome of the old man, and graceful curtesies and smiles of his modest and unaffected daughter. The cavalcade stopt and dismounted at the principal entrance, when Sir John Ponsonby, with unfeigned politeness, introduced the above lady as his wife, little suspecting the mournful result of what he deemed would be an agreeable if not a happy introduction. But to the horror of all, the young and lovely Winifred Dalton on a sudden lost the bloom of her cheek, which turned to death-like paleness, and with a loud shriek she fell insensible to the ground. The attention of all was turned to her. The emotion and agony of her hapless father passed unnoticed, while all eyes were turned towards his apparently lifeless daughter. Not to dwell too long on these scenes of woe, suffice it to say that the old man, her father, soon found rest from earthly sorrows beneath the old Gothic church of Kildalton; but it was not so with his woe-struck daughter: a state of complete idiotcy relieved her from all mental, and in a great measure from all bodily suffering. The only consciousness she exhibited of memories of the past, was a desire to be arrayed in the beautiful white satin dress which lay arranged with the choicest care in her own apartment, and which, in the fond yet futile expectation of using it at her expected nuptials, she had with much pains and expense provided. Dressed by an old domestic in this once-cherished garb of snowwhite purity, she used to wander about the home and

haunts of her happy childhood a helpless and harmless idiot, shunning all society, and avoiding the enquiries or conversations of even her most cherished playmates. Often would she climb up among the boughs of an aged thorn (which was a frequent feat performed by her in her childish glee,) and sit there in apparent content, clipping its tender buds with a scissors which she carried with her for that sole purpose, and this seemed to be the only pleasure she enjoyed. Hence in after times, and even to this day, did the aged thorn bear the name of "The White Lady's Tree." After living some years an object of tender regard and pity, even to the most insensible, she was found, in the twilight of an autumn evening, lying lifeless in a reclining posture on the monument that covered her father's ashes in the little ivied church erected long before by the Daltons of Kildalton. The memory of that illfated lady has for more than two centuries survived her woes, but in another generation it will perhaps be totally forgotten, and for that reason it is hoped that this humble effort at preserving the name and recording the sorrows of "the White Lady of Bessborough" will be forgiven.

#### HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

CHARLES HATTON and I were "chums" at Trinity College, Dublin, where we both graduated after a creditable, if not a very distinguished, university career. Mr. Hatton, senior, was a gentleman of highly respectable family and moderate fortune in the south of Ireland, and destined Charles for the bar-a profession for which the latter had no natural predilection; his temperament and intellectual organization being of that order which unfits men for the laborious studies necessary in order to gain forensic distinction. His father's inclination in this particular, however, was not to be overcome, and accordingly Charles proceeded to London, and duly entered as a student of Gray's Inn, with the heroic determination of forswearing ballads and "lovelorn lays" (the fellow was somewhat of a poet,) and settling down quietly to the study of his future profession. But it would not do-his law books (all his determination to the contrary notwithstanding) were neglected for Shakspeare and Byron, and at the period of his admission to the bar his legal acquirements were by no means remarkable for their extent or profundity. It was about a year after he had become qualified to affix the title "barrister-at-law" to his name that we met, for the first time since our separation on leaving Charles had just succeeded by the death of his father to an income of some eight hundred per annum, and his prospects of success as a lawyer not being particularly brilliant, he had relinquished all thoughts of following that uncongenial pursuit, and no longer fettered by those restrictions in matters pecuniary, to which he had been subjected during the life of his father, he entered on a style of living which contrasted splendidly with his comparative obscurity as the embryo lawyer of Gray's Inn. Instead of the

gloomy chambers which he had tenanted in that sanctum of forensic enlightenment, he rented handsome apartments in a terrace at the West-end-drove "tandem" in the park, and occasionally gave dinner and supper parties to a select circle of bachelor friends. In fact, Charles had become quite the man of ton, or what in one of the more recent additions to the vocabulary of cant, might be fairly termed a "fast man." But this career, dazzling and exciting as it might be for a while from its novelty, could not but ultimately prove nauseating to a man of such intellectual tendencies as Charles; very soon indeed he had conceived a thorough contempt for the artificial habits and ideas of his fashionable associates; and when, after a separation of nearly five years, chance brought us once more together, I found my friend completely sickened by the frippery, affectation, and hollow display with which his brief experience of "fast living" had made him familiar. I was at the time making arrangements for an excursion to the continent, and on my proposing to Charles, in a half-jocular half-earnest way, that he should break up his miniature establishment and accompany me, he caught eagerly at the proposal-wondered that he had not thought of some such expedient for the purpose of dispelling his ennui long before-and in a few days my somewhat volatile friend put a sudden termination to his career upon town-by disposing of his "trap" and all its appurtenances-giving notice of his intention to quit to his landlady, and by having it announced, through the columns of a morning journal, that Mr. C. B. Hatton was about to leave town for a tour on the continent.

Before quitting London we had obtained from influential friends, letters of introduction to the British ambassador at the Tuilleries, and to several other distinguished persons at that time residing at Paris. After our arrival in due course at that city, and after having formally inducted ourselves into the possession of certain handsomely furnished apartments in a lofty and commodious house in the Rue ----, we proceeded to the English embassy to present our introductory missives to the important personage who was then-to use the quaint expression of an old writer-"lying abroad for the benefit of his country." Our reception was of that severely polite character which seems to be considered most consistent with diplomatic dignity, but an invitation to dinner, received by us some days subsequently, served to dispel any doubts which we might have entertained as to the efficacy of our credentials with his lordship. This dinner was an important event as far as Charles was concerned, for from it originated his intimacy with the brilliant Lady Clara Vernon, who was then, as well from her wit, beauty, and intellectual superiority, as from her wealth and high social position, the bright particular star of the numerous foreign residents in the "capital of Europe."

This lady had been the only child of an English gentleman of aristocratic family and commensurate fortune, which latter he had considerably diminished by unsuccessful speculations on the turf. An old friend

of his in the sporting world, the late Sir Humphrey Vernon having taken it into his head to fall in love with the beautiful Clara, proposed for her, giving her father to understand that he was prepared to act most liberally in the matter of settlements. He was at once accepted by the old gentleman, who, of course, never dreamed of consulting his daughter's inclinations on so trivial a subject, and at twenty-two years of age Clara became the victim of a mariage de convenance. Her admiring old husband survived their union but a year and a half, leaving her the unfettered control of an estate producing ten thousand a year; and in a few months after. her father following his old friend, her yearly income was increased by a couple of thousand more, which circumstance, combined with her rare personal attractions, rendered her position an enviable, if in some respects a critical one. It is but natural to suppose that suitors for the hand and fortune of the beautiful young widow were numerous and zealous; but at the time of our first meeting her at Paris, several years had elapsed since the death of her husband, and she was still, as already indicated, Lady Vernon. Her hotel in the Rue St. Honoré was the resort of all that was elegant and fascinating in the fashionable world in which she lived and moved, and of which, to a large extent, she influenced the proceedings and regulated the modes.

The dinner at the ambassador's, I have said, was an important event, so far as Charles was concerned. He had Lady Vernon for his vis a vis, and the result was simply this,-that he fell in love with her, as I was not long in finding out. There was at this time, and had been for some months previously, sojourning in Paris a certain Count Perrini, a handsome dashing-looking Italian, formerly, as he gave out, an officer in a Sardinian regiment of cavalry. In addition to his advantages of person, the Count had also the education, accomplishments, and manners of a gentleman and a man of the world. He spoke French and English with fluency and polish, produced sonnets with the fecundity of Petrarch, managed his noble baritone con expressione, danced divinely, and in his manège displayed the grace and freedom of a perfect equestrian. By some means or other he had obtained the entrée to the very best society, and was a constant visitor and guest at Lady Vernon's. Indeed it was soon apparent to most persons with whom they came mutually in contact, that he aspired to the honor of ranking amongst her legion of avowed admirers.

This person was also at the ambassador's dinner, and for him Charles then and there conceived a violent hatred, which fact I was also not long in finding out.

Perrini sat within one of Lady Vernon—a position which enabled him to maintain occasional converse with her, while the intervention of the other guest prevented, its assuming that continuous and confidential character, which might have rendered it generally remarkable. Charles, however, heard and saw enough to make him feel that in the Count he had a rival, and on our way home that night he confessed all to me—his suddenly conceived love, hatred and jealousy. Several weeks

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went by and we still remained at Paris, completely enthralled-Charles by his passion for Lady Vernon, whom he had continued to meet and converse with frequently: I by the inexhaustible sources of enjoyment which that delightful city affords, and of which I availed myself unceasingly. The attentions of the Count Perrini to her ladyship had now become so marked and continuous, that he was generally looked upon as "the favourite" -if I may be permitted to use a sporting phrase in connexion with such a subject-Charles Hatton being as yet "nowhere," and numerous others who had formerly held the first position, having the odds dead against them. It was while affairs were at this crisis that we were honoured (Charles and myself) with an invitation to a "dance" at Lady Vernon's, which, it is needless to say, we gladly accepted. It proved a brilliant affair in every way, but the contagious spirit of enjoyment failed to extend itself to Charles, who roamed through the crowded apartments, gloomy and dejected in appearance, and seemingly the subject of sensations very different from those which generally prevailed. I made various attempts to draw him from his abstraction, but unavailingly, and it was not until the following morning that I discovered its immediate cause. Seated at breakfast I ventured an inquiry on the subject, when he exclaimed abruptly, and with an expression of ferocity almost, depicted on his handsome thoughtful

"This Count Perrini is a scoundrel—a swindler!"
"A scoundrel and a swindler," I repeated; "those

are strong words, Charles."

"Not stronger than the person to whom I apply them merits," he interrupted, without volunteering any explanation.

"How and when," I inquired after a pause, "did you become possessed of the information which enables you to pronounce so decisive and bitter a condemnation of

the personal character of the Count?"

"Listen to me," said Charles; "from the first moment I set eyes upon that man I felt he was a villain. My passion for Lady Vernon, and the consciousness that he was my rival, will, you may say, sufficiently account for this feeling, but I tell you that it was the result of an instinct stronger than any to which mere jealousy could give origin. I did not hate the fellow only because he was my rival, but because I believed him, from the outset, a bad, unscrupulous, designing, treacherous man,—a villain as I have already said. This conviction grew upon me the more I saw and heard of him, and I determined at length to 'set' the fellow, with the view of satisfying myself thoroughly upon the point."

"But," I interposed-

"I have now satisfied myself," he resumed; "and all my prepossessions are more than confirmed—alas! for poor Lady Vernon."

"Why Charles, you don't mean to say"-

"I mean to say," he interrupted, "that the name of a beautiful and a virtuous woman is associated with that of a swindling adventurer, when the so-called Count Perrini is spoken of as the future husband of Lady Vernon." "But my dear Charles, you still confine yourself to mere denunciations; will you condescend to inform me of the facts you may have ascertained, so much to the detriment of this villanous count?"

"You remember," said he, "the evening last week on which we dined at the Palais Royal before proceeding

to the opera?"

"Yes."

"You remember my getting into conversation at the theatre with a gentleman—a stranger to you,—who occupied a seat in the same box as ourselves, and in company with whom I left the house rather abruptly."

" Perfectly," I said.

"Well, that gentleman was a London policeman on a special mission in Paris. From circumstances which happened to bring us into rather close communication, some years since in London, we know each other pretty well, and this -together perhaps with the hope that I might in some way prove useful to him in his investigations-led him to make a confident of me, and to disclose -partially at least-the nature of his business. It appears that the bank of England has lately been defrauded to the extent of several thousand pounds, by false letters of credit, professing to issue from one of the most respectable banking establishments in Paris. On the discovery of the fraud the police were immediately put in motion, but the most searching investigations failed in leading to the discovery of the London agent in the swindle, the only clue which the bank officials were able to afford, being that the money was paid to a man of foreign aspect, and that it was principally in gold and small notes. The fact of complicity on the part of some one in Paris, was however certain, and after communication with the police authorities here, it was deemed advisable to send over my friend Ferret, to give whatever assistance his great sagacity and immense experience might suggest in the matter. You recollect, as I have said, that we left the house together rather suddenly. Count Perrini had, a few minutes previously, entered a box on the opposite side to the tier, and immediately the scrutinising eye of Ferret lighted there, he nudged me and whispered, "That's a suspicious-looking customer," indicating the Count. " Do you know who he is?" "That," said I, "is an Italian nobleman of fortune—Count Perrini. Nevertheless, I should like to know something more of him," said Ferret; and the Count rising to leave his box at this point, we also went out. In the street the count entered a cabriolet, and as I did not choose to become a spy on his motions, I wished Ferret good night, requesting him, if he learned anything of importance, to communicate with me. He has since done so, and the result of his inquiries is such as leaves room for no moral doubt as to the guilty complicity of the Count. His arrest and legal conviction are matters which may be calculated on almost to a certainty. Is not this a miserable affair?"

"Truly it is," said I, "and something must be done to save Lady Vernon from the disgrace which would inevitably attach to her from any connection with such a scoundrel—that is, assuming the truth of the rumours about an engagement between them."

"Do you think," continued Charles, "she would give a tacit admission to the truth of those rumours, by receiving him as a visitor and by accepting his accursed attentions as she does, if they were not well founded?"

"I will answer your question, Charles, comme Irlandais, namely, by asking you another. Has it never occurred to you as possible, that these rumours touching the Count and Lady Vernon may have never reached her ladyship's ear, and that consequently her continued intimacy with the dashing Italian does not at all possess its present seeming significance. I will admit that there is something in her manner towards the Count to afford ground for the prevalent opinion that he is her accepted lover, but it may be nothing more than one of these artful devices, by which a beautiful and spirited woman, confident in her own charms, endeavours to lead a suspected admirer (here I looked meaningly at Charles-I must admit that it was a piece of hypocrisy on my part) to a declaration of his hopes. The Lady Clara has not mingled in Parisian society without becoming imbued with something of that spirit of coquetry, which which is, I believe, a prevalent characteristic of its women.'

"I cannot but admire the ingenuity with which you have defined the possibilities of the case," said Charles. "You do not suppose, however, that Lady Vernon has ever thought of me, or suspected my passion for her? Even if she has, her avowed pride of birth and position would deter me from approaching her with a declaration of that passion, for she is said to have asserted frequently that if she again marries, it shall only be a man who has a title to confer upon her in addition to that which she inherits from her deceased husband. What chance then—even supposing everything else favourable—would the plain esquire of eight hundred a year have under such circumstances?"

"Believe me, Charles, it is an indisputable fact, that when a contest arises between a woman's love and her pride, in nine cases out of ten, love gains the mastery. Pluck up resolution to declare your sentiments to Lady Clara, on the first opportunity, taking care to repeat to her, if she suggests any difficulty on the score of birth or title, the lines by Tennyson—

'Trust me Clara Vere de Vere, From yon blue Heaven above us bent, The grand old gardener and his wife Smile at the claim of long descent.'"

The climax came sooner than I expected. For some weeks all the fashionable world of Paris had been on the tip-toe of expectation in reference to a bal costumé on a magnificent scale, which Mr. Lalanne, a banker of immense wealth and high social standing had announced his intention of giving. This gentleman had one of the finest private establishments in Paris—a house of palatial dimensions and embellishments, surrounded by a garden beautifully planted and of considerable extent. Every one who was known in the

higher regions of society was invited, Charles and my. self included, and we went there duly on the eventful occasion. I shall not trouble my readers with any description of the affair, beyond stating that Charles was attired as the Prince of Denmark, and looked excessively interesting in his "suit of woe," and that I my. self wore the dress of a "Scottish chieftain," having conceived an admiration for the character from a recent perusal of Miss Porter's novel. Lady Vernon was there, beautiful and fascinating as ever, and the Count also looking, as it seemed to me, with an expression of subdued defiance in his face which was not usual with him. The weather being delightful, the garden had been thrown open as a promenade, and lighted with lamps of varied hues, which produced a singularly agreeable effect, as may be easily imagined. As is the case with many houses of a similar character in Paris, the Hotel Lalanne was completely surrounded, garden and all with a high wall, and in this wall, about mid-way between the house and extremity of the garden, on the left hand, there was a doorway opening into a narrow street, which ran parallel therewith. Soon after midnight, when the spirit of festivity had reached its height within, Charles, anxious to breathe the fresh air, sauntered into the garden, which was at this time almost completely deserted by the revellers. Walking quietly along one of the side paths, he observed, in close proximity to this door, two figures apparently in earnest converse. They were those of a male and female, and on a nearer approach he was startled and almost horrified to find that the two were no other than Lady Vernon and Count Perrini. His first impulse was to retrace his steps, as he felt that his approach was not noticed, but some indefinable influence held him irresistibly to the spot where he first paused, "a nodding cypress" partially concealing his figure from the two beings on whom his gaze concentrated itself with a terrible anxiety. Before a minute had passed, words of angry expostulation, in a silvery voice, which he well knew, reached his ears indistinctly, and after a brief interval he heard the same voice exclaim, in a tone of manifest indignation, "Sir, I have already given you my answer-it is surely not your intention to persist in forcing on me a subject which I can never entertain; I beg of you not to refer to it again; I really cannot remain-" This was followed by a short, half-suppressed exclamation of terror, and Charles, dashing forward on the instant, found the Count in the act of half-carrying, half-dragging Lady Vernon towards the doorway. A mantle which he had worn in his soi-disant character of an Italian bandit, was thrown over her face, so as to partially stifle her cries for assistance. To grapple with the villain and release Lady Vernon was literally but the work of an instant with Charles. Such an unexpected intervention completely astounded the Count, and rendered his resistance at first much less decisive than it would doubtless otherwise have been. Indeed, he at once relinquished his hold when Charles appeared on the scene, and looked for a moment with a half-cowed half-reckless air at his opponent, as the latter stood in \$

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defiant and from his accidental costume, in a necessarily somewhat theatrical attitude between him and Lady Vernon, who was not yet quite recovered from the terror and confusion into which the whole occurrence had naturally thrown her. But his indecision was of short duration. Advancing to the door, he pulled it open, and giving some signal, apparently for the purpose of summoning assistance, he returned, and rushing towards Charles, aimed a treacherous blow with a poniard at his breast. Charles was fortunately too quick for him, and succeeded in averting the blow from the region for which it was destined, receiving it, however, in the lower portion of the right arm. Before this Lady Vernon had regained comparative composure, and was about yielding to the earnest entreaty of Charles that she should return to the house, but on seeing the attack renewed by the Count, she screamed loudly, and more loudly still as the two grappled, and, after a brief struggle, Charles fell heavily to the earth, to all appearance a dead man. At this juncture several persons came upon the scene; amongst them two men who entered the garden from the street, just as the Count was about making his exit, and who intimated to him rather unceremoniously, after a brief scrutiny of his person, that he should consider himself their prisoner. The removal of Charles to the house was quickly accomplished, and professional assistance being at once obtained, it was found that he had received several wounds, amongst them one which, although of an aggravated, was not of a fatal character. The news of the occurrence created intense excitement and consternation amongst the company, who in consequence broke up abruptly, the feeling of indignation at the outrage on Lady Vernon being only equalled by the admiration and sympathy expressed on all hands for Charles.

It appeared that the Count, who had planned the forcible abduction of Lady Vernon, decided on carrying his plan into execution on the night of the ball. situation of the Hotel Lalanne afforded peculiar facilities for the execution of the design, Perrini having contrived to obtain possession of the key which opened the garden door, by a bribe to the porter. A travelling carriage, in charge of two trusty accomplices, was in waiting in the narrow street outside, and the nefarious project might doubtless have been successfully accomplished after Charles had been disposed of, were it not for the timely interposition of a party of police, of whom the Englishman Ferret formed one. The fact of Perrini's preparation for a flight from Paris had been some days known to the authorities, and a close attention to his slightest movement, together with occasional information derived from those sources which the Parisian police have such a peculiar facility for opening up, led to the frustration of his grand scheme, and ultimately to his trial and conviction as a forger and swindler.

Charles recovered rapidly from the effects of his wounds, and the half-bantering anticipations which I had formed with regard to Lady Vernon and himself proved correct. In less than six months afterwards I read in the Morning Post an announcement of their nuptials by the chaplain of the British embassy at Hamburgh.

#### THE GORILLA.

BEYOND mere geographical outline and a little halfconjectural topography, we had, until recently, a very limited acquaintance with the interior of Equatorial Africa. The popular fancy pictured it to itself as a vast region covered with interminable sands and rocks, traversed by chains of arid mountains, the sole habitation of the lion and leopard. The activity of commerce had fringed the seacoast with ports, stations, and factories; but it had scarcely penetrated beyond the seaboard; the climate was supposed to be fatal to northern constitutions; and the ferocity of the savage tribes who people the intermediate belt of country which, ex hypothesi, separated the desert basin of the interior from the strip of explored coast, was sufficiently exaggerated to deter even the most enterprising pioneers from pushing far inland. Indeed, to the present day, with the notable exception of one or two daring travellers, no European has ventured a hundred miles from west to east in that perilous territory. We knew but little of its faunal or vegetable organisms; the knowledge we had being founded chiefly on the meagre evidences which reached us through the peculiar channels of African trade. The natives procured ivory from the interior, and hence we believed in the existence of elephants; they brought down bar wood, and, probably for the first time, it was conceded that, notwithstanding the reasonableness of preconceived theories, forests might possibly flourish in the interior. Under circumstances involving remoteness of locality, the accumulation of proof is a slow and irritating process; but it is perfected, notwithstanding, in its own season, and with its own positive results; the nightmares of centuries die out, and we are better and wiser for our patience and labour.

Within the last few years, thanks to the courageous earnestness of three or four really great minds, the interior of almost all Central Africa has been laid bare to us. The discoveries of Livingstone in the south have prodigiously increased the stock of human knowledge, whilst those of Du Ohsillu in the strictly equatorial region, have sufficed to dissipate a thousand climal and geological traditions long treasured up in the archives of inductive science. With this region, as the peculiar habitat of the gorilla, we are chiefly concerned.

If the reader will take a map of Africa, and draw east a line almost parallel with the equator, from the island of Alobi, in the bay of Corisco, until it strikes the Osheba country, it will furnish him with a fair guide through the region through which we propose to conduct him. The coast line, indented by the bay, is highly picturesque, and might, under more favourable conditions of climate and population, be the home of a flourishing commerce. The Muni, a sluggish river, empties its waters into the bay, forming a lovely estuary dotted with islands, covered with mangroves and palm trees. The country through which the Muni flows is inhabited by several tribes of blacks remarkable

for their good temper and friendly dispositions. They live in cheerful villages, built of bamboo; they practise polygamy, are hospitable to a fault, and studiously encourage the advances of the few Europeans who venture amongst them. Plaintains and boiled fish form their principal article of diet; but this remote and primitive people are no strangers to the vices of more civilized communities; they cherish an usage which, in many, respects, resembles the Corsican Vendetta, and drink to intoxication a species of wine distilled from the soft tops of the palm tree. The tribes dwelling near the coast have a keen appreciation of the advantages of trade; they drive bargains with an acuteness scarcely exceeded on the Stock Exchange, and notwithstanding, their simplicity and isolation from the great centres of traffic, cheat and pilfer the Europeans whenever opportunity offers. Superstition, the twin-sister of ignorance, holds those tribes in terrible and demoralizing subjection, but the popular faith in witchcraft, charms, and incantations, is occasionally applied to a purpose of the highest social policy. When they wish to get rid of the old people they charge them with sorcery, and dispatch them with clubs, knives, and war hatchets. The kings who govern these people are surrounded with few of the conventional appurtenances of royalty, and their incomes are so limited that the presentation of a coat or a few leaves of tobacco on the part of a stranger, elicits from them the warmest expressions of gratitude.

The traveller ascending the Muni arrives, generally on the third day, at a village known on the maps as Shekiana. Here he alters his course, and entering the Noonday—one of the great tributary rivers which feeds the Muni—pushes on in a north-easterly direction. As he sails along, the surrounding country reveals at every moment some new phase of surpassing loveliness. The high grasses on the banks are aflame with brilliant damask blossoms; huge lilies loll their heads on the calm river surface. The scenery far inland is bounded by virgin forests of palm, above which curls the smoke of African villages, hidden in the wilderness. Herds of red deer are seen grazing in the untrodden pastures; the kingfisher darts across the boat as it passes on; whilst troops of monkeys cluster on the overhanging trees and pelt the voyagers with fruits and branches. The horizon is filled up by the chain of the Sierra del Crystal, a vast mountain range of which little is known. In this region also flourish the ebony tree, and the curious vine which produces india rubber. The leopard makes his lair in the great aloe thickets, where serpents innumerable of breed and dye also find shelter and subsistence.

The sides and summits of the Sierra del Crystal are covered with venerable forests, and in the heart of these dwells the wonderful gorilla. M. Du Chaillu, to whom we are principally indebted for an intimate knowledge of this wonderful animal, describes him as being solitary in his habits and ferocious in his hatred of man, for whom he exhibits an unconquerable aversion. He loves to hide in dense woods, but he is occasionally to be seen

disporting himself on open plains, strewn with immense boulders, which afford him a defence in case of attack. In diet he is a vegetarian; and his haunts are generally to be found near a plentiful supply of water. His favourite food is a species of wild sugar cane, the leaf of the pine apple, nuts, and berries. Of these he consumes immense quantities at a single meal, always shifting his locality, when that which he haunts no longer affords him the necessary supplies of provisions. At night, the adult gorilla sleeps with his back to a tree. whilst the young climb up the trunk and perch on the branches. The story that the full-grown beast was in the habit of hanging from trees and clutching up travellers in his toes, as they passed, for the purpose of strangling them, has turned out to be pure fiction; unless in quest of food the adult gorilla never climbs.

The full-developed brute, as he stands erect in his native wilds, is a truly horrible and terrifying monster. His height is six feet; his body is covered with a profusion of iron-gray hair to the depth, in some places, of two inches. In every part of his huge frame the evidences of tremendous muscular power are obvious. With those long arms and massive hands, which resemble fragments of a titanic statue, he can disembowel a man or brain a leopard at a single blow. The lion never attacks him; and it is no uncommon sight to see the gorilla plucking leaves from a palm tree, whilst the traditional king of the forest is stretched, warily and apprehensively, at its root. The gorilla's legs are short, calfless, ill-proportioned, (we speak of them structiveally as compared with those of man,) and do not appear intended to support, unassisted, the brute's gigantic body. The foot in its anatomical bearings resembles an exaggerated hand, and "presents," says Du Chaillu, "a great likeness to the foot of man; in no other animal is the foot so well adapted for an erect position." The toes are divided into two groups, connected by thin webs; the great toe of one specimen measured six and a half inches in circumference. The fingers are proportionably thick, and are defended with nails which differ from human nails only in their colour. The skin is a dead black, especially in the palms of the hands and soles of the feet; the abdomen is prominent and the breast has nipples.

The head of the gorilla approaches nearer to the spherical than any other shape. It is not attached to the body by a neek, but appears as if it were forcibly crushed down between the shoulders. In the female it is covered with black hair; in the male the hair of the scalp is of a dull red colour, which adds fearfully to his hideons appearance. The forehead-or to speak more properly, the bone above the eyes-projects like a sharp ridge, which reminds one of a hood closely drawn over the animal's head. Underneath this ridge, the eyes, full of an expression which cannot be described otherwise than devilish, are deeply set. The nose is much flatter than one would be led to expect from the animal's general structural approximations to the human skeleton; and it is pierced with broad nostrils, which dilate and contract rapidly when the gorilla is enraged.

As for the mouth, it is broad and sinuous, with thin lips that are perfectly black at the edges, and which, when parted, display rows of grinning teeth of such immense force that they are capable of crunching a musket barrel as easily as a biscuit. The jaws are colossal, and of such density that they can be scarcely broken with a hatchet.

Such are the general physical outlines of this latest addition to the animal kingdom. Of his pluck and bravery we shall now say something. When a family of gorillas is attacked by the hunter, the young grasps the neck of the female, which runs away with loud shricks, in a half-erect posture. At the sight of the enemy, the male, who is generally found in a sitting posture, rises slowly, and drawing himself up to his full height, goes forth to meet his assailant. His walk is tortuous and apparently painful, as he rolls from side to side and steadies himself like a drunken man. Occasionally he stands; his eyes flash ont a diabolical light; the hairs on his temples grow stiff and erect; he beats his huge breast with his hands, until the bones produce a sound like an enormous drum; and at every third or fourth step he emits a half-human yell, to which the roar of the lion is but a feeble atterance. In the mean time the hunter, with all his nerves braced up, waits until the gorilla is within eight yards of him, when he fires, and generally succeeds in laying the monster. Should he miss his aim he is a doomed man; for the gorilla is instantly down on him, and with one blow of his mighty hand leaves his enemy a corpse. He generally contents himself with a single stroke, but he has been known to repeat it, and immediately rush off into the forest. M. Du Chaillu says that he never examined a dead gorilla whose life he had taken without a strong feeling approaching to remorse. The savage features, relaxed in the grim repose of death, are horribly halfbrute half-human; and the triumph of the hunter is damped by a sensation like that which is said to be experienced after the commission of homicide.

There seems to be but little hope that the gorilla, unlike other members of the ape family, can be tamed, much less domesticated. Whilst travelling through the "Comma Country," a region lying to the south of Cape Lopez, the French naturalist had the good fortune to be presented with a live gorilla between two and three years old, and about two feet six inches in height. manner in which he was captured is worth relating. The native hunters heard the animal's cry in the forest, and, directed by the sound, came to a tree, at the foot of which the baby was seated eating berries, whilst his mother stood by his side. They fired at the latter, which fell mortally wounded; the baby, on hearing the noise, ran to his mother, and covered her dead body with caresses. The hunters now endeavoured to capture the little fellow, who readily appreciating their intentions, climbed a small tree, from which he roared savage defiance at his pursuers. As their object was to take him alive, the natives cut down the tree, threw a cloth over the animal's head, and secured him, not, however, until he had wounded one man in the hand,

and taken a bite out of the leg of another. His neck was next placed in a sort of stocks, and in this condition he was borne in triumph to the village. He struggled and roared with all his might, but the poor brute had to contend with overpowering odds, and was obliged to succumb. A bamboo cage was provided for his reception. In the corner of his prison, Joe, as he was named, would sit in a half-contemplative posture until some one dared to approach, when he instantly rushed at the intruder, and shook the cage with his efforts to liberate himself. His moroseness, instead of being diminished, was only increased by his captivity; he ate freely of wild berries and drank great supplies of water. One night he contrived to force the bamboo rails apart, and slipped his jailors. A search was instituted, and poor Joe was found hidden beneath a bedstead. For the second time the struggling savage was dragged into day, and again placed in confinement. On this occasion he gave some frightful proofs of the badness of his temper. He flew from side to side of the cage, gnawed the bamboos with his teeth, and yelled aloud for several hours. Left without food for twenty-four hours, he became so far subdued as to eat berries from the hands of a keeper. Again he managed to escape, was once more recaptured, and placed en domicile. Ten days afterwards he died without any visible cause. If Joe may be taken as a fair representative of his brethren, we fear the prospect of "improving the breed" are short of encouraging.

It is scarcely to the credit of human speculation that a book should have been published, only a month since, in London, projecting a new theory of the principle of life, and placing Moses amongst the great fabulists of antiquity. The author conceals himself under the veil of a skilful anonymity, but it is well known in literary circles that he is a clergyman of the Established Church. According to this enlightened theorist, human faith has been at fault up to May, 1861. It is wrong, it is opposed to reason, it is contradictory to common sense to believe that God made man as he now is. Man is a progressive animal, developed at first from a simple cell, and subsequently transformed through all the stages of reptile and animal life, until perfection was reached in his present frame and constitution. But where did the primeval egg which it was the cell's office to hatch, come from? Can anything be plainer-why "from the disintegrated granite acted upon by currents of moisture, light and heat." For instance, take a cell and surround it with proper conditions of food and warmth, and by an inevitable process it must blossom into a star-fish, which in course of time becomes a shell-fish, which subsequently crawls, and is transformed into a land animal. There is no mystery in all this; nor is there in the process by which a lion developed from a shellfish, becomes in its turn a man. Is there traditional authority for this belief? Listen and you shall hear: -"In the days of Ceres and Bacchus, there were semi-men living together with more perfectly developed human beings;" the existence of the centaurs and satyrs is well authenticated; Juno, was ox-eyed, Europa loved a bull. Then the Egyptians worshipped animals as

gods, as they had been the origin of man; and we know that the Hindoo system of universe rests upon the backs of elephants and tortoises. Therefore it is pretty clear that man had a bestial origin; that he is but an improved type of a degraded animal, and that the story of his creation in the garden is no better than a fiction. Between his originator and man there must always remain some obvious relations-some typal link referring both to a common stock. Thus the Mexicans, because they are descended from birds, build lofty houses and dwell in the top of them; the Englishman loves beef, and is stirred by the scent of spilt blood, because he is descended from the lion. We can't help fighting and tearing each other's hearts out in Ireland, because the Celts are but an improved form of the wolf. Again, the Hindoo is deeply indebted for his existence to the monkey, and for the same reasons, the negro to the gorilla. This is the sum and substance of the positive philosophy propounded by a Church of England minister. Observe how rapidly he has caught at the gorilla, and elects him to the dignity of race-father of the negro. Surely any one possessed of real respect for rational truth could not arrive at so absurd a conclusion on a comparison of the ape and the human being? But men will invent theories, and it is not by ridiculing but by conquering them with their own weapons, that truth and reason will be vindicated.

The bases of our anonymous friend's novum organon, as he styles it, is a belief in a never-ending progression of species from its first origin in the cell up to its consummation in man. Life will go forward in spite of all resistance, and its forms will change and aspire, and grow greater. The Mexican bird, we shall say, loses its wings, and descends to the earth; in due time the head enlarges, and the brain becomes human in might and symmetry. Arms, hands, and feet succeed each other rapidly, until the bird is no longer a bird, but a man. Look at the gorilla. The Negro calls him, "his old man"-that is one link in the chain of inductive evidence; comparative anatomy supplies the rest. We deny it; there is a fundamental objection opposed to this theory, which is, that the gorilla is not a progressive animal. He does not advance; the growth of his brain does not keep pace with the growth of his body. In fact, as the latter increases the former retrogrades, and descends lower and lower in the scale of sensuality. It has been admitted that the skeleton of the gorilla comes nearer to that of man than that of any other animal. The numbers of pairs of ribs, of cervical, dorsal, lumbar, and sacrol vertebrae, are nearly equal, but there the resemblance ceases. The greatest ascertained cranial capacity of the animal is 34.5 cubic inches. When young the head of the gorilla is strikingly human in its balance and development; but as the animal grows to maturity this parallelism diminishes day after day. The head increases in size and density, but the difference of amount of brain in a young and old gorilla is so slight as to be almost imperceptible. The cranial bones grow inward; the ridges which phrenologists point to as the seat of the moral and intelligent powers, are not brain coverings, but projections of solid bone, resting on a basis of the same material. But the brutal or beastly capacity increases in the cerebellum, the preponderance of which over the finer parts of the brain is something enormous. From these facts, it is perfectly clear the notion entertained by the enlightened author of the new Novum organon, that the gorilla, in course of time, may arrive at human capacity, is sufficiently absurd to raise a smile, were not our mirth embittered by the knowledge that, in these days, speculative falsehood, with nothing besides novelty to recommend it, may count on obtaining numbers of ardent disciples.

Meanwhile we may rest assured that discovery after discovery, however much they may tend at first to disturb the old foundations of faith, and disquiet patient and satisfied believers, must inevitably result in a broader vindication of Christianity, and in the establishment of firmer grounds for our common hopes. Humanly speaking, the spirit of modern discovery has done great things for us. It has peopled the deserts with life and vegetation, and extended our knowledge of that infinite variety which the Divine Master has distri-

buted throughout the creation.

J. F. O'D.

# ROPE-WALKERS, ACROBATS, AND JUGGLERS.

How'truly has it been said that "there is nothing new under the sun," and how seldom does it occur to us that the spectacles which excite our wonder, creating terror or amusement, according to circumstances, far from being novelties, are duly recorded in the books of the antients, as having formed part of the pastimes which were almost daily witnessed by the thousands who frequented their circuses and amphitheatres in Rome and elsewhere. The marvellous feats which Blondin has performed on the rope over the Falls of Niagara, and his no less astonishing performances in the Crystal Palace, have supplied the newspapers with descriptive narratives which lead the general public to suppose that feats like his have been unparalleled, and that exhibitions of the sort, so terrific as to shake even strong nerves, were seldom or never witnessed till our times. Nevertheless there is nothing, strictly speaking, novel in such spectacles; for, as we may suppose that men existed in times far remote from our own with nerve and muscle as strong and pliable as Blondin's, so also may we suppose that their feats have not been excelled by his.

There is no doubt that the art of rope-dancing or rope-walking was well known to the ancient Greeks and Romans, and that they held the professors of it in great esteem; for fond as both Greeks and Romans were of manslaying and beast-slaying in their theatres, we may easily imagine that they sought variety, if not relief, in other spectacles; and we have various proofs of this in the pages of their most celebrated writers, who make

special mention of rope-dancers and jugglers that astonished the vulgar as much in their day as Hondin or Blondin have perplexed or astonished the gobbemouches in ours. Very ancient indeed is the ropewalker's profession, for Terence, the comic Latin poet, who flourished 192 years before the birth of Christ, alludes more than once to their perilous performances, and designates them "funambuli." By the Greeks they were called "schaenobata" and "petaurista," both words having nearly the same meaning; and we find the latter designation given them in an epistle addressed to Cicero, the writer of which, playing on the word, hints that the great orator "was acting the ropewalker"-"schaenobaticum faciens." Juvenal, the greatest of all satirists, lashing the money-maker of his time for risking life itself in the pursuit of wealth, likens the latter to the rope-walker, who for a meal perils his very existence. Let Juvenal himself speak-

"Quit then the plays! The farce of life supplies A scene more comic in the sage's eyes, For who amuses most? the man who springs, Light, through the hoop, and on the tight rope swings, Or he who, to a fragile bark confined, Dwells on the deep, the sport of wave and wind? That skips along the rope, with wavering tread, Dangerous dexterity, that brings him bread; This ventures life, for wealth too vast to spend, Farm joined to farm, and villas without end."

Satire xiv., Gifford's Translation.

The poet Martial, alluding to similar performances, makes distinct mention of the tight rope-walkers, when speaking of a certain Ladas, a runner far-famed for his fleetness, who, he tells us, could not be induced to perform on the rope, not indeed from any want of ability, but because he looked on such feats as too common, and, so to say, infra dignitatem—

. . . "What hire would make Ladas, for swiftness famed, so meanly stoop To leave the race, and tumble through the hoop?"

Manilius, a celebrated poet and mathematician, who is supposed to have flourished in the Augustan age, must have often witnessed the performances of the "funambulists," for he describes them very minutely, and states that the birth of such celebrities being influenced by the constellation "Pisces," they adopted a profession which required strong nerve and steady heads—

"Or, if to arts he should incline the breed, Such, where the danger doth the skill exceed, They chiefly follow; 'tis their only scope To mount a precipice, or dance a rope, Tread airy steps, and, whilst thro' crowds they reel, Draw up the crowd, and hang them at their heel!"

But, of all the writers of the classic ages who have incidentally or otherwise treated of the feats with which the playgoers of Rome were amused, none has given us a more graphic account of the "funambulist" than that which we meet among the epigrams of Petronius. We have not been able to find a metrical version of the epigram which this poet addresses to some Blondin of his day, but our prose, though far short of the vivacity and

conciseness of the original, will prove that the celebrity of our times had his prototype many centuries ago. "The hempen rope," says Petronius, "is extended over wooden supports, and on it the aerial voyager strides, balancing himself with outstretched arms over the abyss, lest his foot might slip from the taut cable. Thus doth man's life depend on a rope and a breath of air!"

The passages we have quoted clearly show that the rope-walker's profession is not one of yesterday, but as old as any of the sports witnessed by applauding crowds in the Greek and Roman theatres. We do not presume to state, however, for we have no authority for it, that any of the "funambulists" of the classic ages ever surpassed the feats of Blondin; but, at the same time, it is not at all improbable that he may have been equalled by some one who, daring as himself, may have walked on a tight rope across the vast area of the Coliseum, hundreds of feet above the heads of the spectators. Certain it is that in the days of St. John Chrysostom\* the theatre-going folk of Constantinople were treated to performances such as Mr. Blondin has not yet essayed, and perhaps may never attempt, unless, indeed, he possesses the secret of that wonderful power which enabled those "funambulists" to use their arms and legs like wings. That they did so is indubitable, for Chrysostom, in one of his Homilies, alludes to the fact thus: "Who is there that can behold without amazement those performers ("funambuli") making their limbs do the office of wings in our theatres? Who is there that is not astonished at seeing them running rapidly on the tight rope, over the bodies of a number of boys stretched supine upon it?" Strangest of all strange things is the fact that Mr. Blondin has, so to say, eclipsed all modern rivals by the performance of a feat which was frequently witnessed in Constantinople in the days of Chrysostom-we mean that of dressing and undressing himself on the rope; for the inhabitants of Byzantium were so familiar with this feat that Chrysostom, in his sixteenth Homily on the Epistle to the Hebrews, alludes to it as an example that should stimulate his people to the practice of virtue. Constant practice enabled the rope-walker to astound the spectators by this greatest of all feats, and nothing but constant practice could enable the Christian to accustom himself to the arduous requirements of virtue. Let us hear the Saint-" If," says he, "we so easily learn those arts which surpass the comprehension of the vulgar and illiterate, surely it is our duty to learn those which do not demand so much labour or exertion. Now tell me, I pray you, what is more difficult or dangerous than to walk on a tight rope as though it were solid earth, and, whilst climbing to its highest point, to dress and undress oneself, just as if seated on a couch? The feat appears so terrific that, far from wishing to behold it, we rather turn away our eyes, trembling all over from head to foot!" From the same authority we learn that the feats of our mo-

<sup>\*</sup> He died in A.D. 407.

dern acrobats, \* have nothing of originality in them, since it appears that similar ones were constantly witnessed in the theatres of Constantinople, in the times of which we have already spoken. St. Chrysostom, in fact, looked on them as being so well known to his people, that he over and over again alludes to them in his sermons. "What," asks he, "is more difficult than to balance a heavy beam of wood on one's forehead and to move about under such a weight, supporting a child on top of it, without the appliance of one's hands?" Nay, he further tells us, that it was no uncommon thing to see two of those acrobats balancing beams on their foreheads, with two children on top of them, and brought so close together that they were able to go through a mimic battle to the great amusement of the spectators. Bellonio the Jesuit, describing the Turkish acrobats and rope-walkers, tells us that he often saw some of the former balancing a heavy beam upright on one shoulder, and shifting it without the aid of his hands to the shoulder of another, who shifted it in the same manner to the shoulder of his neighbour, thus keeping up the sport till it rested on the last of the performers. Wonderful, indeed, as the sights were which afforded such gratification to the frequenters of the Roman theatres, none perhaps were more remarkable than those which the elephant was taught to perform on the tight-rope. Suctonius tells us that the emperor Galba was the first to introduce this spectacle for the amusement of the people; and indeed if we had it not on such a veracious authority, it would be hard to believe that so unwieldly a brute as the elephant could be trained to go through such feats. Nevertheless Pliny, who doubtless witnessed the performance, asserts "that the elephants were taught not only to walk on a rope, but also to ascend it on the incline, though the beasts evinced greater agility in descending backwards." Seneca corroborates this statement when he informs us, in one of his Epistles, that "a mere stripling Ethiop can make an elephant go down on its knees, and in this posture walk on the rope." Dion Cassius, who flourished about the 230th year of our era, records a still more singular feat performed by this enormous beast, for he assures us that in the time of the emperor Nero, "a distinguished Roman knight descended on the stage by a rope, mounted on an elephant." We need hardly remind our readers that in the same reign, a man (by some thought to have been Simon the Magician) undertook to fly through the air, and came down with a crash, bespattering the emperor's pavilion with blood, as we are informed by the historian Suetonius. As for the elephant, Pliny and Plutarch relate stories of its teachableness and agility in rope-walking which are truly astounding ; and we have no reason to question the assertions of either of those celebrated writers, when they tell us that "these animals were so constantly exercised at rope-walking, that they have been often known to go of their own accord to rehearse, by moonlight, the lessons which they had received from their trainers in the day-time."

\* A word of Greek etymolgy, signifying to walk on the

Before we dismiss this part of our subject, the aim of which is to show that M. Blondin has as yet done nothing that has not been performed by others in times far removed from ours, we take occasion to state that the ancients-we mean the Greeks and Romans-performed certain feats which, far from being equalled by modern "funambulists" and acrobats, have not been even imitated. Who, for example, in our days has ever seen in theatre or circus a performer, projected by centrifugal force from a machine called the petaurum, which, as we learn from indubitable authority, by some arrangement of its mechanism, sent the actor to a prodigious height, just as an arrow is sped from the bow? Nor was this the only marvellous thing connected with this particular achievement, for the performer was not deemed worthy of his salary, or what he valued just as much, the plaudits of the people, unless he landed on his feet without fracture of limb! Manilius, to whom we have already referred, is our authority for this feat, for he speaks of the performers of it as a distinguished class among the "funambulists"-

"To these join those, who from an engine tost, Pierce through the air, and in the clouds are lost; Or poise on timber, where by turns they rise And sink, and mount each other to the skies."

Another spectacle, mentioned by the same author, consisted in rushing through the flames of a strong fire and coming out unscorched: and, what may surprise us more is, that some of those performers, by what contrivance we know not, were enabled to ascend into mid air, where they imitated the motion of a dolphin—

"Or leap through fire, and fall on hardest ground As on soft seas, unhurt and safe from wound: Tho' void of wings, their bodies boldly rear, And imitate the dolphin in the air."

To these we might add other feats, such as playing ball (a game of which the Romans were very fond) with the feet,\* as expertly as any of our modern players do with their hands; but as we are anxious to show that the performances which excite the wonder of the masses in our modern circuses, theatres, and fairs, are no novelties, we must be content with a passing allusion to them.

Let us now turn to the achi-vements of ordinary jugglers (a designation which is evidently derived from the Italian giucolari), and see how respectable is the antiquity of their craft. This class of practitioners on the credulity of the vulgar is made special mention of by Athenaeus, who flourished towards the close of the second century, and left us, among others, a celebrated work called "Deipnosophistae, or the Banquet of the Learned," which abounds in anecdotes of famous conjurors and jugglers. Little did we think, in the days of our simplicity, when standing in front of an improvised theatre in a country town, that the sleight-of-hand which caused rustics to look on the performer as being leagued with the prince of darkness, was prac-

 <sup>&</sup>quot;Ille pilam celeri fugientem reddere planta."
 MANILIUS,

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tised centuries ago, in Italy and Greece, precisely for the same ends, namely, to bewilder the vulgar, and earn a precarious living. The march of science and the aid of electricity have enabled Houdin, the greatest wizard of our times, to perform feats which helped, even more than swords and muskets, to bring the Arabs of Algeria under French rule; but if we view his feats unaided by the wonderful agencies to which we have alluded, we may reasonably assert that even he has done nothing in the marvellous line that was not performed by men of his profession in the days of Mithridates and Jugurtha. Nay, we might assert that, in many instances, he has fallen far short of their achievements. We never, for example, have heard of him performing the feat called the "mortal jump," that is, leaping, with naked feet, on the points of swords, without sustaining as much as a simple abrasion, though Athenœus tells us that it was very common in his time. This feat was performed by women as well as by men, and the authority we have quoted makes special mention of the former as wonderful proficients in such a hazardous sleight of foot. Doubtless we have seen some very clever acrobats clearing, at a bound from a spring-board, some half dozen bayonets held at the present, but though somewhat familiar with many of most daring feats performed in our stationary and itinerant circuses, we have never witnessed anything like that which Athenœus describes when speaking of "mulieres in enses desilientes." Who is there that can behold, without astonishment, some clever mountebank evolving whole yards of ribbon from his mouth, nay, and vivid flames from the same organ? But to how very few has it occurred, whilst witnessing such tricks, that they were identically the same as those by which the wise and unwise were duped centuries ago! And yet such has been the case, for Athenæus and many other writers of the early periods have recorded them in their works, but none more gravely than the former, while treating of "mulieres ignem ex ore emittentes." Quintilian, the great rhetorician, who flourished in the first century, has thought it worth while to celebrate the jugglers of his period, and with all his learning he was unable to detect the secret of the wonderful manipulation by which they deluded the senses of the astonished spectators. "Quo constant," asks he, "miracula illa iu scenis pilariorum, et ventilatorum, ut ea quæ emiserint, ultro in manus venire credas, et quæ jubentur decurrere?" But, centuries before Quintilian's age, we find Xenophon,\* in his "Symposium," describing a feat still more marvellous, such a one, in fact, as has not been attempted in our times-we mean that of a man getting into a box made fast to a wheel, and reading and writing while it was revolving. "Scribere et legere," says he, "in rota, quæ simul versatur monstri loco est." As for the feat of tossing a number of brazen balls into the air, and keeping them in motion till the spectators were tired out, it was quite common in the third century, as we learn from one of St. Cyp-

rian's epistles. Swallowing a sword is mentioned by Plutarch, and more circumstantially by Apuleius, who treats us to the following account of that feat in his "Golden Ass:" "One day lately at Athens, in front of the variegated portico, I beheld with those two eyes a juggler swallow a horseman's two-edged sword, sharp in the extreme, blade foremost; and afterwards, for a trifling inducement, bury deep in his entrails a huntsman's spear, with that part of it downwards." A trick similar to this has been performed in our times, but, doubtless, with an instrument not so broad or ponderous as the two-edged sword mentioned by Apuleius. Another phase of jugglery which prevailed in the days of Plato, as he himself tells us, was performed by quack doctors, who, standing in the centre of a circle formed by their servants and accomplices, gave a cup of pretended poison to a boy or girl, having previously so bandaged their fore-arms that no pulsation could be felt in the wrists. When the potion was swallowed the party (always in collusion with the principal) retained his breath, feigned violent convulsions, and all the symptoms of approaching death. At this crisis the doctor invited the bystanders to enter the circle and feel the pulseless wrists of the patient, at the same time proclaiming aloud that he had an infallible antidote to counteract the effects of the poison. As soon as the people were satisfied that the patient was dving, the quack, affecting to manipulate the arms of the moribund, dexterously slipped off the bandages, and administered his antidote, which instantly removed all fatal symptoms. The populace, as a matter of course, applauded, the fame of the doctor was noised abroad, he got rapid sale for his nostrum, and within a brief period was rich enough to ride in a chariot.† That jugglery of this sort has not wholly died out is quite apparent, for we have only to look to the advertisements in newspapers, and the puffs of "biologists," and such like, for proofs that it still exists to a considerable extent, doing many a poor dupe to death. But to return to the jugglers or mountebanks, strictly so called. We learn from Claudian the poet, who flourished in the fifth century, that a feat which had "a great run of success" in the Roman theatres, was performed by acrobats who, mustering in great numbers, and mounting on each other's heads, formed themselves into a sort of edifice, on the top of which a boy went through a variety of dances and tricks, hanging occasionally from the legs and arms of the living mass, and cutting other capers, which were duly applauded by the spectators. Not having a metrical version of Claudian's graceful lines, we give the original :-

"Vel qui more avium sese ejaculantur in auras, Corporaque edificant celeri crescentia nexu. Quorum compositam puer augmentatus in artem Emicet, et vinctus plantae, vel cruribus hærens Pendula librato figat vestigia saltu."

Justin, the martyr, who flourished in the second century, gives us an account of another means to which

<sup>†</sup> This jugglery is described by Aristides, the Greek Christian philosopher.

the mountebanks resorted in order to earn a living, for he informs us that they were in the habit of personating Orestes pursued by the Furies, thus striking such terror into those whose houses they visited, that they were paid to take themselves off, lest children and weak-minded persons might be frightened out of their wits. This mock Orestes was mounted on high stilts, wore a hideous mask, an outlandish garb, and an abdomen exceeding the dimensions of that which has helped to immortalise Falstaff. St. Justin's description is very graphic:—"Qui clamore ingentis Orestis personam agens, terribilis et maximus, ab insipientibus esse putatur, ob pedes ligneos, et ventrem factitium, et vestem peregrinam, et faciem monstruosam."

Now let us pass from the great to the small, nor forget to convince our readers that, humble as the professors of the science are in our days, the thimbleriggers are of most respectable antiquity. Who ever thinks that Seneca would have condescended to notice them? And yet such is the fact, for that great philosopher not only describes the dexterity of manipulation by which they deluded clowns as well as clever people, but he also likens the fallacious arguments of the sophists to the thimblerigger's game: "Sic ista," quoth he, "sine noxia decipiunt, quomodo præstigiatorum acetabula, et calculi, in quibus fallacia ipsa delectat." It would appear, however, that instead of a pea, the thimbleriggers of the classic ages used a pebble. Sextus Empiricus removes all doubt on this head, for, alluding to the same class of jugglers, he draws the following parallel :- " As the thimbleriggers, by the adroitness of their manipulation, deceive the eyes of the spectators, so do the rhetoricians by their sophistries, blind the judgment of the magistrates, and deprive the law of its pebbles." By the latter word we are to understand the rebutting evidence which, if the dexterous advocate had not succeeded in bewildering the judge, would have been sufficient to floor him.

Along with the jugglers of whom we have just been speaking, may be classed the mechanists mentioned by Aulus Gellius, "who made wooden birds that were able to fly, but which could not rise from the ground after they had fallen." This class of practitioners were called by the Greeks neurospastas or "cord-pullers," and they are mentioned in Xenophon's "Banquet," where he tells us that one of them being asked how he made out a living, replied "by foolish men, who feed me after witnessing the performance of my automatons." Horace mentions them in the same satirical vein:—

"So art thou, insolent, by me obey'd; Thou thing of wood and wires, by others play'd."

If we had not exceeded the limits which we prescribed to ourselves when projecting this paper, we might perhaps heighten its interest with a description of those wonderful self-acting machines several storeys high, representing cities, towns and fortresses, which Seneca tells us were exhibited to the people of Rome when some triumphant general, followed by his victorious

legions, swept in proud array along the Via Sacra to the Capitol. Suffice it to say, that they are mentioned by Martial \* as a necessary constituent of the pageant, and that Seneca regarded them in the same light. "Wonderful," says the latter, "are the contrivances which have been invented to delight our eyes and ears; but none more so than those scaffoldings, rising and falling as it were by their own action, and towering to the skies." Most assuredly the ancients excelled us in all things connected with such pageants. As for the modern circus we need hardly say that it has been eclipsed by those of the Greeks and Romans, whose feats of horsemanship have been barely imitated by our modern equestrians. Many and many a one who for the first time sees an expert rider in our hippodromes, (if we may dignify them with such an appellation) managing four or more horses, thinks that such a feat was never performed till our times, wholly ignorant, no doubt, that it was a very common achievement in the days of Homer, as he himself tells us :-

"So when a horseman from the wat'ry mead, (Skill'd in the manage of the bounding steed,) Drives four fair coursers practis'd to obey, To some great city thro' the public way; Safe in his art, as side by side they run, He shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one, And now to this and now to that he flies, Admiring numbers follow with their eyes."

Iliad, xv. (Pope's Translation.)

Enough has been said to show the truth of the aphorism with which we set out; and we trust this essay will prove that Mr. Blondin, and all performers of his class, be they acrobats, jugglers, conjurors, or thimble-riggers, have had their prototypes, and let us add, that do what they will, they are not likely to excel those who have preceded them in the same line, centuries and centuries ago. How true the saw that there is nothing new under the sun!

#### THE TUILERIES: AN ADVENTURE.

To make up one's mind to run over to Paris; to secure one's traps cosily, with some careful and zealous assistance from wife, mother, daughter, or sister, in a tidy portmanteau; to start by the quarter to seven P.M. express from Westland Row; to step on board the Munster; to reach Holyhead and Euston Square; to suffer for a few days the exactions of a London hotel, the torturing noises of London thoroughfares, and the sickening nuisance of the Thames, in consideration of the very few objects of interest to be seen in and around that filthiest of capitals; to start from Waterloo Road Station with commendable impatience for Folkestone or Dover; to reach Boulogne or Calais, and arrive in Paris with some anxiety and a large stock of curiosity; are nothing very extraordinary in the career of young attorneys; but for one of them, or even of a class somewhat above them in the social scale, to

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Et crescunt media pegmata celsa via."

find himself, in the course of running the regular round of a fortnight's tour, in the Tuileries, the most highlyhonoured, if not the most distinguished, guest of the Emperor, and standing before all others in the esteem and regard of the Empress; besides being the first foreign favourite of the Prince Imperial, and, as a regular consequence of all this, the envy of a vast number of courtiers, not to say how high his position in the estimation of that most charming bevy of beauties that, even in Winterhalter's picture, have made many sober hearts palpitate audibly-for one of them to enjoy, or endure, all this, is, I should say, a novelty in a holiday continental trip, of which I alone of the entire fraternity can boast -and I do boast of it, my acquaintance with the interior of palaces having been made, not after the boy Jones fashion, by a descent through a chimney, and a peep from under a sofa; but by a simple train of circumstances of which princes would give half a year's revenue to be the hero; and with many German ones I would not exchange that distinction for a whole year's of theirs.

How it all happened was in this way :-

I had been so sickened by the din, dust, and smoke of London that I resolved to shake off the impression which they had made upon me, and the feeling of sickness or loathing that lingered after baving endured them, not with the best patience, for a week; and thinking a stroll in the green avenues and clear air that surround the glorious capital, to see which was the principal object of my trip, would best restore good spirits, and with them good humour, I wandered one morning -inquiring the way as I went, which in Paris (how unlike London!) is easily found, and not easily losttowards the Bois de Boulogne. Here I strolled about for some time contrasing, with what result it is needless to say, the Park in which I promenaded with that in which I hoped to promenade a week hence-our own fair Phœnix; admiring almost everything and everybody, and being myself, I hoped, the object of some not unpleasing attention with some brother, if not sister, Celts; when, on turning one of the few sharp angles in the avenues of that well-arranged garden, my attention was arrested by a very pretty, but by no means very pretentious, pony-phæton and pair, driven by a lady, beside whom sat a little boy, some five years old, or so. At the distance at which I first saw this modest little equipage and its engaging occupants, there was nothing peculiar or striking about them; and if I had not been in the vein to observe everything, and that there had been nothing else to observe at the time, I might, and in all probability would, have taken no notice of the phæton or its freight, before the occurrence of the incident that made me acquainted-I may say intimately acquainted-with the latter. On the vehicle rolled, the fair charioteer gracefully wielding, without using, her tiny whip, the child laying the foundation of future knowledge by plying his companion with questions, the subject of which changed with rapidity proportioned to the progress of the carriage; and said companion replying with evident attention, and desire

to instruct and amuse her interesting little charge. The group had approached to within the distance of a few yards of where I stood, when a small paper kite, which a boy had been trying to fly, was blown by a sudden whiff of the light breeze that was insufficient to support it in the air, body, wings, tail and all, into the eyes of the ponies; upon which, gentle, docile, and well trained though they were, they sprang obliquely forward. dragging the right-hand wheels of the phæton upon the slope of the avenue, and causing the vehicle to incline to an angle that would have thrown the lady and child into the middle of the road, which would inevitably have happened if I had not interposed with sufficient celerity and address to prevent that catastrophe. Having sprung to the side of the phæton I contrived, with some difficulty, to prevent its overturning, and to arrest the speed of the animals, till the lady and her charge had descended in safety, when I turned the carriage into the avenue uninjured; and by the time that all this had been effected, three or four persons on horseback had come up, and appeared specially concerned in the safety of those whom I had just rescued from some peril; upon observing which I resumed my saunter through the park, having first received the thanks of the lady, quietly but gracefully, and even warmly tendered-the more vehement acknowledgment-not without the a hint from his companion-of the boy, and the confused congratulations of the others, who I thought were rather more nervous, and much less at ease than those who had just had a narrow escape of some, perhaps serious, injury.

Here was an adventure, but after all, how exceedingly matter-of-fact! How devoid of romance! how characteristic of a practical, unromantic age! The lady to whom I had rendered a service that would figure respectably in even a modern novel, was youthful, if not young, and faultlessly beautiful. She might be the mother, though I hoped not; or the sister, which would not be amiss; or the governess-I felt satisfied of her qualifications for an accomplished governessof her fine, cheerful, happy-looking little charge. Her emotions at his danger would have suited any of those relations, but I could not bring myself to believe that she had demeaned herself exactly as a mother would have done under the circumstances, simply because I wished her a sister or governess, or favourite maiden aunt, or some other unmarried and unengaged relative. But what, after all, could her condition be to me? Whatever her relation to the boy, she was probably removed some degrees aloft from me in the social scale, which she evidently felt, and intended to show, by confining her interest in me to the mere polite acknowledgment of a service which any active clown who had happened to be in my place might have rendered with equal effect. And here it occurred to me that I had seen a crest upon the harness of the ponies, and arms on the panel of the phæton, the neglect of having noticed which added to my chagrin at the prosaic conclusion of my adventure. Had I taken proper notice of these I might possess a clue to the interesting governess—for I could hardly think of her in any other character—and in the indulgence of these selfish reflections I lost all sense of satisfaction in the rescue from danger of a very beautiful woman and a very fine little boy.

Returning from my stroll to my lodgings, not in the happiest of moods, I turned into the Boulevard Madeleine to drop a card, with my address in Rue Richelieu, close to Robespierre's old quarters ; but on reaching my friend's rooms, I found that the card which I had prepared and placed carefully in my waistcoat pocket, was lost. This, however, was of little consequence; I had but to go a short distance to procure another, and I proceeded to Rue Richelieu for that purpose. I was seated at my travelling-desk, and tracing the name of the historical thoroughfare, with the number of the house in it honoured by my sojourn, under my own upon a card, when I was somewhat startled by the announcement of an imperial messenger desiring to see me! An imperial message for me before I had been twenty hours in Paris! I looked at my landlady, who came to announce the visitor, to read in her countenance whether she did not mean "police" when she spoke "imperial." The French police are polite, and my description in my passport might have entitled me, on some account or other, to a civil visit from some functionary of the force. But my landlady's smiling countenance reflected the courtier, not the constable; she looked, I thought, much more gracious than she had at any of our previous interviews, which of course were few. So I felt at ease, and did receive the messenger from court; but I must confess to some misgivings of a practical joke, if of nothing worse, when that functionary conveyed the imperial regards, in very fair English—he was so very considerate as not to tax my knowledge of the spoken language of civilization-and the wish of his Majesty that I would repair to court at four o'clock that afternoon, if that hour suited my convenience-(my convenience to wait upon the Emperor of the French!)-in order that his Majesty might have the pleasure of personally thanking me for the risk I had voluntarily incurred, wholly regardless of personal danger, in preserving her Majesty and the Prince Imperial from injury in the accident at the Bois de Boulogne! Before I had time to do more than look a world of amazement, the imperial messenger had bowed himself from my important presence.

Invited to the Tuileries, to receive from the lips of the sovereign-elect of eight millions, and the hero of Solferino, his grateful thanks, from his own lips, for saving his Empress and his heir! Surely it could not be real, and yet second thoughts reasoned that it was all right—actual reality—" a fact, and no poetic fable." The governess, to discover whom I was to encounter all sorts of adventures, turned into a princess, might have gratified the most craving appetite for the romantic; but I confess that for the moment my feeling was one of disappointment. It was, to be sure, something to have risked a broken limb in the service of an empress and her only son, without being influenced by a knowledge

of their rank. Raleigh's cloak in the mire was a piece of affected devotion of doubtful sincerity, and of little merit of any sort; but to bear the weight of an upsetting phæton, and restrain the impulse for flight of a pair of startled horses, whilst handing a lady and child in safety from the vehicle, is what is not done every day, and perhaps what every man-Irishmen exceptedwould not do; and it would be something for one's posterity to boast of, that an ancestor had done all this for an empress and an embryo emperor. It would be a glerious family tradition; but I confess that I was sufficiently ungrateful not to think of posterity in connection with the affair. But the time was drawing near for receiving the reward of my gallantry, and I did not feel at all quite at ease at the approach of four o'clock, P.M., which did approach, I felt, much more rapidly than usual. Having satisfied myself, after weighing all the pros and cons hundreds of times, of the genuine character of the invitation, of which the extreme attention of my landlady, who had a marriageable daughter, and a son in the Guides, left no sort of doubt; I next decided with myself that I should accept the invitation-that to decline was out of the question -and then came the next point in the dilemma, how should I go? whether a court suit was not indispensable? This question, however, I readily decided in the negative, mine not being a visit of ceremony, nor a formal, but a friendly call. I endeavoured to form as strong an impression as possible of Louis Napoleon, as the prince of precarious means, in Leicester Square lodgings, cut by the English nobility, proud of their long purses and longer pedigrees; and to forget the Cæsar, who holds in his hands the destinies of Europe; whose nod is sufficient to shake a continent; but in this The Emperor would come I failed most signally. uppermost, do what I would; and I had, accordingly, nothing for it but to rely upon tolerably firm nerves, a slight dash of native self-confidence, and the occasion of the audience, which was not of my seeking, to make me feel at ease upon my first introduction to the presence of royalty.

Having run over all this rapidly and not very coherently in my mind, it occurred to me to ask myself how the Emperor could have learned that he was under obligation to me. The parties of the morning adventure had not asked me any questions, and could have known nothing of a stranger newly arrived in Paris. Had any of them followed me unobserved to my lodgings, and thus discovered my name? I asked at once, and was at once convinced that my name and place of abode were not discovered in this way; and I could not for the life of me guess at any other probable manner in which both had reached the Emperor. This, however, was of no great importance, and I was about to defer speculation upon the subject for the present, when my eye fell upon the card which I had prepared to replace that which I had lost. I remembered then, what I had hitherto overlooked, that I fancied I had seen the little boy in the phæton hand the lady something that might be a card—that looked more like one than anyin y,

thing else—which she had hastily slipped into her glove. And here was the solution of the mystery, I falt satisfied.

On reaching the Tuileries at four o'clock, I found the bearer of the invitation awaiting my arrival to conduct me to the imperial presence; and from the cordial and friendly manner in which he proffered his services, I began to feel that the ordeal of the interview would prove less severe than I had imagined. And so it did. The Emperor, who was surrounded by two or three of his household, each of whom appeared very much at his ease, received me, I thought, and think still, as any kindhearted gentleman would or should receive the man who had rendered a service held to be of importance. "I thank you, sir, most sincerely," he said, "for having saved my wife and child from the peril in which they were placed this morning. I will present you to them, that they may express to you personally the gratitude with which your gallantry has inspired them," and, leading the way to the apartments of the Empress, he ushered me into the presence of that august lady, saying, "Here, Eugenie, I have brought hither your deliverer, that you may thank him more suitably than you could have done in your confusion this morning!" and the Empress having graciously and warmly made her acknowledgments, held out her hand, which, bending on my knee, I carried to my lips with as much readiness and address-my nervousness had completely vanished-as if I had been all my life a courtier. The Prince Imperial scarcely waited for the conclusion of this formality to fly to my side, and, grasping my hand in both of his, he gave it a hearty shake, prattled something about a boy, a kite, frightened ponies, and my part in the morning's adventure; then flying back as rapidly to adjust the machinery of a kite of his own, upon which he had been industriously employed when my entrance interrupted him, he looked as if frightening a pair of ponies, and upsetting a phæton, by means of a kite, would not, after all, be a very contemptible achievement. These ceremonies ended, we-the Emperor and myself-retired to the first reception room, where his Majesty deigned to put a few commonplace questions to me; and, saying that I should on the day following but one take a quiet, friendly dinner with him at six o'clock, suffered me to withdraw, accompanied by the gentlemanly usher, who seemed disposed to court my acquaintance and confidence, as he walked with me through the gardens of the Tuileries to the Place de la Concorde; and, having adroitly led me to talk of the invitation to dinner at court, put me completely at my ease before parting with me as to the provision to be made for, and the etiquette to be observed at, that important episode in my not very eventful career; and all this in the easiest and most natural manner that could be possibly imagined.

The day but one after next was Sunday, and on the evening of that day I found myself not the least honoured of a small and select group of guests at the table of the Emperor Napoleon. The host was in good humour, and played his part on the occasion to the

satisfaction of us all. He deigned to afford me more than a fair proportion of his attention; and before the cloth had been removed, I found myself very freely discussing many political questions with the so-deemed inscrutable ruler of the French empire. He seemed disposed to draw me out, or in other words, to elicit my opinion upon many points of his own policy, which I gave without much reserve; and, finding him inclined to be, as I thought, very communicative, I sought to sound him as to the probability of an attempt at avenging Waterloo in some more appropriate way than by the advantages France derived from the commercial treaty, at the expense of her neighbour. No, there was none. He admired the fine character and great qualities of the English people. The empire is peace, and peace with England above all. It would be bad policy and worse morality to attack a great, just, and generous nation-and so on. He did not say all this at once, but by degrees, and at intervals, as fitting occasion offered in the course of the conversation; but, deep and impenetrable though he may be, I thought I could detect occasionally in his tone and manner a spice of satire, and a passive hint that we might take his laudations of England and the English for what they were worth, which was not much; but it was evident that two English noblemen of the party swallowed all the blarney with great zest, and in good faith; and they looked as if they had not had half enough of it. They relished less some warm and evidently sincere eulogies which the Emperor passed upon the Irish people, whose many good qualities he knew thoroughly, and fully appreciated. He deplored the prospect of civil war in America; commended the reforms of the Emperor of Austria; the amelioration of the Russian serfs by the Emperor Alexander, and hinted at a further relaxation of the shackles upon the French press; but he said not a word about Italy, at which the Englishmen were evidently disappointed and chagrined. It would be so delightful to hear our august ally decry the effete absolutism of Lower and Central Italy, but in this they were not gratified.

Nothing had been said during all this time of the cause of my presence on the occasion; but when the decanter had ceased to circulate, and coffee was being served round, it was intimated to me that I was to approach the Emperor, upon doing which his Majesty took from about his neck a massive gold chain, at the end of which depended a valuable watch, the case of which contained a medallion with portraits of the Imperial family, and, having formally presented me to the company as the preserver of his wife and son, hung upon my neck the chain, as an inadequate token of his regard, and a slight evidence of his sense of the service I had rendered! All present appeared pleased at this proceeding, with the exception of the Englishmen, who looked rather glum on hearing the name of an O'Finnerty connected with such deeds, and such substantial and flattering rewards. The Emperor appeared to notice and not to dislike the ill-concealed chagrin of his Saxon guests; but the more they sought to divert attention from me, and the honour which the Emperor conferred upon me, the more did his Majesty enlarge upon the merits of the part I had played on the occasion of the accident; and I left the court that night, at a seasonable hour, perhaps the happiest man within the wide

circuit of the fortifications of Paris.

Arrived at my lodgings my first care was to secure my splendid prize, the Imperial gift, which was no sooner stowed safely away, than I found further imperial presents claiming my solicitude. One from the Empress was a magnificent dressing-case, furnished with the most costly articles; and the Prince Imperial contributed a beautiful opera-glass of great worth. The money value of the combined gifts was very considerable; and I, who had risen from my humble couch that morning well nigh penniless, hastened now to press it an opulent man, the honoured protégé of crowned heads!

I had not been long in bed, and had scarcely dosed into slumber, when I fancied that I heard a footfall on the floor of my room; and the thought of robbers at once flashed through my mind. I had now something of which to be robbed, and I got seriously alarmed; but, strange enough, and to my harassing annoyance, though scarcely asleep, I could not arouse myself. Could I be suffering from nightmare? I did not believe it, but there I lay, unable to move or open my eyes; though I was painfully conscious of the presence in my room of a stranger, with no legitimate object. I endured an age of torture in a few seconds of this terrible inertness; but, making a desperate effort at starting from bed, I did start-not from bed, but from the armchair in which I had fallen, after dining, into an uneasy slumber; and where I had dreamed in an hour the travels and romantic adventures of ten days! I have made a resolution against XX, even with a corn-beef dinner; and one, less rational, to run over to Paris soon, in the hope that my dream would come true. My mother's footstep, moving about the room, was that which fell upon my ear as the footfall of a thief, come to rob me of the imperial gift. She had been too much amused at the manner in which I discoursed with "majesty" in my sleep, to think of disturbing me, especially as my monologue was of a pleasing character; and I left her in the dark regarding the cause of my raving, which she will learn, for the first time, in the pages of the HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE.

## ODD PHASES IN SOME POPULAR PHRASES.

BY EDWARD M'MAHON.

SECOND PAPER.

In extending our researches into the archeology and explication of our popular sayings, it is primarily note-worthy how many of them are verbatim copies or paraphrases of Scripture texts. Par exemples: "A little bird told me." This is undoubtedly derived from the

saying of King Solomon in the tenth chapter of Ecclesiastes, "Curse not the king, no not in thy thought: and curse not the rich in thy bedchamber : for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter." In the first chapter of the same book we find the origin of "Nothing new under the sun;" "There is no new thing under the sun." The source of "Riches certainly take to themselves wings" may be found in the Proverbs: "Riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle towards heaven." The phrase to be "at sixes and sevens" may have arisen from the passage in Eliphaz's discourse to Job: "He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee;" six and seven besides make the proverbially unlucky number thirteen. " Cleanliness is next to godliness" is not improbably an abbreviation of a passage in St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews: "Having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water." "Charity begins at home" is perhaps a perversion of "Let them learn first to show piety at home," etc., in Timothy. To "kick against the pricks" is from the Acts, and "A still small voice" from the Book of Kings. These illustrations of the Biblical source of popular phrases might be multiplied.

The proverb that "Good wine needs no bush" is of great antiquity, and originated in the custom of hang-

ing out a bush as a sign for a tavern,

"Outward ffolkys ffor to teile That within was wyne to selle."

Roadside ale-houses were likewise indicated in the middle ages by a stake projecting from the front of the house, from which some object was suspended, a besom frequently typifying the stake. Thus in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," when the "Pardoner" is called upon to divert the pilgrims with his story—

"'It schal be doon,' quod he, 'and that anoon; But first,' quod he, 'here at this ale-stake I will both drynke and byten on a cake.'"

A garland was sometimes hung upon the stake; illustrating this the same writer, describing his "Sompnour," or collector of abbey dues, says:—

"A garland had he set upon his heed, As great as it were for an ale-stake."

The ale-bush was, however, much more common than the stake, and was often composed of ivy, in which there appears a trace of classical allusion, that plant being always regarded as sacred to Bacchus. The custom of fastening a broom to the mast-head of vessels for sale, originsted from the old device of placing a bough or dried bush upon anything that was intended for mercantile purposes. Few, we opine, would object to "go snacks" with the possessor of a brimming beaker of good wine. For this phrase, implying an agreement to share in any venture, we are indebted to Alexander Pope; it occurs in the following distich from the prologue to his "Satires:"

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"All my demurs but double his attacks:
At last he whispers, 'Do, and we go snacks!"

And we venture to think, further, that ultimately there would be but "a Flemish account" of the beverage. This idiom is due to the circumstance that in Antwerp accounts were formerly kept in livres, sols, and deniers. The livre, although nominally representing a pound, was in reality only equivalent to twelve shillings sterling, so that while the Antwerp currency was £! 13s. 4d., that of London was but £1. In the settlement with the English mercenaries who served during the campaigns in the Low Countries, moreover, eight days were regarded as a week, a fact thus noted in "Hudibras:"—

"The soldier does it every day, Eight to the week, for sixpence pay."

So frequent and sanguinary were the quarrels of the Saxons over their festive cups, that Dunstan, Abbot of Canterbury, towards the latter part of the tenth century, suggested the introduction of wassail bowls "pegged" at regular intervals in the interior, from peg to peg to be considered a legal bumper, and Tom Nash (1595) informs us, that "King Edgar, because his subjects should not offend in swilling and bibbing as they did, caused certain iron cups to be chained to every fountain and well side, and at every vintner's door, with iron pins in them, to stint every man how much he should drink, and he who went beyond one of those pins forfeited a penny for every draught;" to this custom we owe the expression of a person being "a peg too low." Some of these tankards may still be seen in the cabinets of antiquaries, and it may be added that in one of Anselm's "Canons" of the beginning of the twelfth century (1102), clerics were expressly directed to abstain from such pegged vessels; the words are, "Ut Presbyteri non erant ad potationes, nec ad pinnas bibant." The convivial phrase, "I pledge you," used when one person solicits another to drink first, is said to have originated from the assassination of Edward II., in the monkish chronicles surnamed the Martyr, at the instigation of his step-mother Elfrida, as he was quaffing a stirrup-cup at the gate of Corfe Castle, in the Isle of Purbeck. The distrust occasioned by the treachery of this crime was so universal, that no one would drink with another without a guarantee of immunity from personal danger while the cup was at his lips. To "hob-nob" with a friend, that is to drink or not drink, is a corruption of the old "hab-nab," from the Saxon habban, to have, and nabban, not to have. Shakspeare, in his "Twelfth Night," employs the phrase, however, to mark an alternative of another kind: "And his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob-nob is his word; giv't or tak't." According to Dr. Johnson the expression "to knock under," originated from the submission expressed among good fellows by knocking under the table. Amongst convivial phrases we must not forget the familiar cry of "Hip! hip! hurrah!" The etymology of this has

never been satisfactorily elucidated, and in the absence of any more credible derivation we are fain to accept that generally received but rather fanciful one which ascribes it to the initial letters of a war-cry said to have been originally adopted by the stormers of a German town, wherein a number of Jews had sought refuge. The place being sacked, no quarter was shown, the victors pursuing their work of slaughter amid shouts of "Hierosolyma est perdita! (a repetition of the initial

letters giving, Hep! Hep! Hurrah!

The classical allusions conveyed in popular phrases are very frequent. Thus, not to "care a jot," literally means not to care an "iota," that being the most diminutive letter in the Greek alphabet, and hence applied to signify an infinitesimal proportion of anything. To "meander," or wander here and there, comes from the river of that name in Phrygia, which was remarkable for its serpentine course. When anyone declaims with a more powerful voice than ordinary, we say he possesses "stentorian lungs," the expression being derived from Stentor, a Grecian, who, according to Homer, had as loud a voice as fifty men. "Ne sutor ultra crepidam"-" a shoemaker should not go beyond his last"owes its origin to an anecdote related of Apelles, the painter, par excellence, of the time of Alexander the Great. A shoemaker while visiting his studio took exception to some solecism in his delineation of a slipper. The artist perceiving the justice of the criticism at once rectified his error, upon which the shoemaker ventured to cavil at the pose of the figure, when he was immediately silenced by the indignant Apelles, who desired him to "stick to his last." So attentive was this great master to his profession that he never spent a day without exercising his pencil, whence the proverb, "Nulla dies sine linea." The epithet "myrmidons," applied to followers or hangers on, may be traced to a people of that name who inhabited the southern portion of Thessaly, and attended Achilles to the siege of Troy, and who were so called from the Greek word signifying ants, murmekes, owing to their indefatigable industry in agricultural pursuits. The term "mausoleum," used to distinguish the sepulchres of the great, is derived from Mausolus, King of Caria, whose wife, Artemisia, was so inconsolable at his death, B.C. 353, that she drank up his ashes, and erected such a grand and noble monument to his memory, that it ranked amongst the seven wonders of the world. So enormous was its expense, that when the philosopher Anaxagoras saw it, he exclaimed, "How much money converted into stones!" The epithet "tantalizing" comes from Tantalus I., King of Lydia, who, for some offence against the gods is fabled to have been punished in Hades with an insatiable thirst, which he was unable to quench, although immersed up to his chin in water, which, however, subsided when he attempted to taste it, while clusters of the most delicious grapes suspended above him were wafted away by sudden blasts of wind, whenever he essayed to

In Pagan times roses were of religious importance, and were used in the service of Venus, and in the pro-

cessions of the Corybantes, but in the transition to Christianity they became consecrated to the Virgin. In the year 1510, Pope Julius II. sent a consecrated golden rose, dipped in chrism and perfumed with musk, to Archbishop Warham, to be presented to Henry VIII. at high mass, with the apostolic benediction. After this roses were generally placed above the entrance to confessionals, as the symbols of secrecy, and this was the origin of the phrase "sub rosa," or under the rose. "When the steed's stolen shut the stable door," is another version of the ancient Cheshire proverb, "when the daughter is stolen shut the pepper-gate." The story is told of a worthy mayor of Chester, whose heiress—"sole daughter of his house and heart,"—levanted one fine morning in May with a spruce cavalier, through a portal of that quaint old city known as the "Pepper Gate," whereupon the bereaved chief magistrate ordered it, when too late, to be closed. "Before you could say Jack Robinson," a phrase employed to express a very brief time, arose, according to Grose, from a volatile gentleman of that appellation, who would call on his friends and be gone before his name could be announced. Eccentric as Mr. Robinson must have been, it will be admitted that he contrasts favourably with the ubiquitous Mr. Paul Pry, who, umbrella in hand, and with his stereotyped hope of non-intrusion, would be in an apartment before his advent could be heralded. The construction of Mr. Poole's well-known comedy of "Paul Pry," is said to have been suggested to the author by the following incident. An elderly lady living in a narrow street, passed so much of her time in watching the affairs of her neighbours that she could unerringly distinguish the sound of every knocker within Upon one occasion, being incapacitated through illness from observing in person what was going on without, she stationed her maid at the window for that purpose. 'Betty, what are you thinking about? Don't you hear a double knock at No. 9? who is it?' 'The first-floor lodger, ma'am.' 'Betty, Betty! Why don't you tell me what that knock is at No. 54?' 'Why, Lord, ma'am, it is only the baker with pies!' 'Pies, Betty, what can they want with pies at 54? they had pies yesterday!""

In appropriate relation to the idiosyncracy of Mr. Pry, may be mentioned the phrase, "pumping a person," implying an attempt to extract information, which, inelegant as it unquestionably is, first cropped up in Otway's tragedy of 'Venice Preserved.' The term "John Bull" has not been traced beyond the reign of Queen Anne, when a political satire entitled, "The History of John Bull" was written by Dr. Arbuthnot, in which the Englishman is called "John Bull," and Louis XIV. of France "Louis Baboon." The epithet "bull," applied to a word which expresses something in ludicrous opposition to what is intended or felt, became a proverb from the repeated blunders of one Obadiah Bull, a lawyer of London, who lived in the reign of Henry VIII. The phrase "turn-coat" originated in the conduct of a certain Duke of Savoy, who indifferently tendered military aid to France or Spain, as he conceived either cause most identified with his own interests, for which purpose he had a juste au corps, white on one side and scarlet on the other, the former being worn outside when he adopted the fleur de lis as an emblem, and the latter when he declared in favour of the olive. In connection with this phrase may be noted that of "Vicar of Bray," which is derived from Bray in Berkshire, whose vicar changed his religious creed four times, and when taken to task for his conduct, and branded as a turn-coat, replied "Not so neither; for if I changed my religion, I am sure to keep true to my principle, which is to live and die Vicar of Bray!"

To "save one's bacon," originated from the ancient custom of Dunmow, in Essex, of presenting a flitch of bacon to any married couple residing in that parish, who lived in harmony for a year and a day. A man and his wife who hesitated when on the verge of any difference, might be said to have just "saved their bacon," and in course of time the phrase acquired a more general acceptation. In Lord Clarendon's "History of the Civil Wars," Birmingham is noted under the name of Bromicham (whence our Brumagem), as a singularly disaffected and puritanical village, the people of which frequently waylaid and reduced small detachments of royalists, whom they forwarded, under the plea of a regard for their safety, to Coventry as prisoners. This was the origin of the phrase, "sending to Coventry." A reference to this locality naturally suggests the ribband manufacture, and hence leads us to a consideration of the phrase "true blue," as applied to the Presbyterians. In the seventeenth century the Scottish Covenanters assumed blue ribbands as their colours, and wore them as scarfs, or in bunches fastened to their blue bonnets, forcibly recalling the sumptuary precept given in the law of Moses to the Israelites, that they should "make them fringes in the borders of their garments throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a ribband of blue." This colour was, moreover, very anciently associated with truth. Chaucer in the "Canterbury Tales:"-

> "And by hire beddes hed she made a niew And covered it with velouettes blew, In signe of trouthe."

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," is an adage of the time of Henry VIII. Will Sommers, the celebrated court-jester, happening to visit the aviary of the Earl of Surrey, expressed a fancy for a parroket of rare plumage, which, in memory of many services rendered, was unwittingly presented to him by the Earl, who had previously promised it to Lord Northampton. Being reminded of his error, he offered the jester two birds at some future time if he would restore the parroket; but Will, while expressing his sense of the Earl's liberality, drily remarked that he preferred one bird in the hand to two in the bush. James the First, who to the qualifications of a pedant united those of a bon vivant, upon one occasion dining with the Duke of Buckingham, heard his host warmly descanting

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upon the merits of a particular entremet, as being amongst all the costly and delicious viands upon the table, the most superior. "It may be so, Stenie," interrupted the King, addressing the duke by a familiar name, "but the prufe of a gude thing is in the eating on't, so here's at it!" Hence arose the saying that "the proof of a pudding is in the eating." Not to be "worth a tester" is literally not to be of the value of sixpence. It was not until the latter part of the fifteenth century that any attempt was made at portraiture on money. A duke of Milan, who reigned from 1466 to 1476, made the first successful effort, and the characteristic feature of these coins being the head (teste or tête) of the ruler from whose mint they were issued, they at once received the generic title of testone, and were soon imitated in France and England, the original name being Anglicised into testoon or testern. Queen Elizabeth, amongst other pieces of silver coinage, issued one of the value of sixpence, "usuallie named the testone," and impressed with "hir owne image and emphaticall superscription." The value of this coin, it may be remarked, was subject to fluctuation, but in Shakspeare's time, and for long afterwards, it was merely the name of the sixpence. The Romans were wont to nullify testaments as being "inofficiosa," that is, deficient in natural duty, if they disinherited, without assigning sufficient reason, any of the children of the testator. On the other hand, however, if a child had any express legacy, be it ever so insignificant, it evidenced that the testator had not lost his memory or his reason, which otherwise the law presumed, and that he had acted thus for some substantial motive. Hence has arisen the phrase to "cut off with a shilling;" but it is a popular error to suppose that this procedure could effectually disinherit a person, for the British law recognises no "querula inofficiosi" as valid to set aside a testament which omits the heir or next of kin. To catch a person "on the hip," that is, at an advantage, is a phrase taken from wrestling, and in its metaphorical sense is common to most of the old dramatists and poets. Thus Shakspeare makes Shylock observe, in the 'Merchant of Venice:'-

"If I can catch him once upon the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him."

Sir John Harrington, a writer of the same age, has fully illustrated the phrase in the following excerpt from his translation of "Orlando Furioso:"—

"Full oft the valiant knight his hold doth shift,
And with much prettie sleight the same doth slippe;
In fine he doth applie one special drift,
Which was to get the pagan on the hippe;
And having caught him right he doth him lift,
By nimble sleight, and in such wise doth trippe,
That down he throw him, and his fall was such,
His head-piece was the first that ground did touch."

The term "wild-goose chase," employed to denote

any enterprise undertaken with little probability of a successful issue, was originally used to express a species of equestrian exercise, formerly practised, somewhat after the follow-my-leader flight of wild geese. The conditions of a race of this kind were, that the two competing horses, after running a specified number of yards, were permitted, which horse soever could obtain the lead, to take what ground the rider pleased, the second horse being bound to follow him within a certain distance agreed on by the articles. Whichever horse possessed the most endurance won the race, but where both were of tried mettle and equally matched, the result frequently proved fatal to either or both, and the practice was in consequence discontinued.

We do not think that we could better conclude these discursive, but we trust not uninteresting or uninstructive papers, than by a random-strung chain of minor yet not less familiar phrases than those we have noticed, since "to be in the daily habit," as Locke observes, "of speaking of matters of which we know not the derivation or origin, is to be in a state of ignorance."

To "make a virtue of necessity" is from Shakspeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona;" "very like a whale" from his "Hamlet;" to "make assurance doubly sure" from "Macbeth;" and "all is not gold that glitters" from "the Merchant of Venice," the correct reading, however, being—

> "All that glisters is not gold, Often have you heard that told."

"It's an ill wind blows nobody good" should be, "It is an ill wind turns none to good," and is from the writings of Thomas Tasser, A.D. 1580. Sam Butler, in "Hudibras," amongst hundreds of other well-known saws, furnishes us with "look before you ere you leap," "all cry and no wool," and "count your chickens before they're hatched," in the original—

"Count their chickens ere they're hatched."

"Of two evils choose the least," is a version of Prior's line, "Of two evils I have chose the least;" "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs," is from Goldsmith; "Not much the worse for wear," from Cowper, and "Through thick and thin," from Dryden. "As good as a play," is a saying of Charles II., Lord Brooke wrote "Out of mind as soon as out of sight," and Lord Herbert of Cherbury, "Hell is paved with good intentions;" "when Greek meets Greek," &c., is from the banquet scene in Nathaniel Lee's play of "The Rival Queens; or, the death of Alexander the Great," and should read thus:—

"When Greeks join'd Greeks, then was the tug of war."

To be "in the wrong box," first occurs in Fox's "Book of Martyrs." Lord Byron first introduced the phrase, "as clear as a whistle," and it will, perhaps, be needless to remark that to "pay dear for one's whistle," was a coinage of Benjamin Franklin.

# JOHN FITZGERALD AND ROSALEEN WESTON.

BY ROBERT. D. JOYCE.

"A strange case," said the doctor, as he came upon a certain page of his manuscript.

"What is it?" I inquired.

"Captain John Fitzgerald and Rosaleen his wife, aged eighty-four and eighty-two respectively," pursued the doctor, heedless of my question, and reading from the closely-written page—"June 30, 1858," continued he aloud once more, after a few moments' silent perusal—"10 o'clock, P. M.; respiration weak, pulse forty-five and forty respectively," and then followed a long and minute catalogue of appearances and symptoms, on coming to the end of which, the doctor, who was in one of his fits of abstraction, sat up straight before his desk, and gazed vacantly into my face as I sat opposite. "11 o'clock, P. M.," he resumed at length, half remembering my question, "cheerfully and without pain they both died—died on the same instant!"

"Who were they, Doctor James?" inquired I again. "They must have been a strange pair when they fasten

on your memory so firmly."

"They were my best friends," answered the doctor, now fully awake, "and had their troubles like other mortals—or rather I should say unlike other people, as you will see by reading that," and he handed me over his manuscript, in the perusal of which I was soon eagerly engaged, leaving him to pore with critical eye over some recent numbers of the "Lancet."

The doctor's manuscript was beautifully and closely written, and if printed, and denuded of the quaint technical phrases with which it was so frequently interspersed, would make a handsome novelette. An abridgment of the tale, however, will better suit our pur-

poses at the present :-

Towards the end of the eighteenth century there dwelt at the foot of a certain high mountain, in the south of Ireland, a gentleman named Weston, whose wife had died a few years after their marriage, leaving behind her to deplore her loss a son and a daughter. The demesne adjoining that of Westonwood belonged to an old gentleman who had served for a long time as an officer in the French army, and whose name was Fitzgerald. His only son, John, was about the same age as that of young Weston. The two old gentlemen lived on terms of very close intimacy with one another, and the youngsters were consequently very often companions in their sports. Young Weston was, while yet a boy, of a dark and violent disposition, subject to frequent fits of morose moodiness or passion, during which he was often known to vent his anger with strange vindictiveness on his father's domestics, and in fact on anyone who interfered with him even in the slightest degree. His sister, on the other hand, was a bright handsome little creature, full of joyous spirits, and beloved by the whole neighbourhood. In the frequent rambles of these three young

people together, John Fitzgerald, who was a bold and light-hearted boy, was, during the gloomy fits of her brother, thrown into the exclusive company of little Rosaleen Weston, helping her over thicket and brock, gathering wild berries and nuts for her in the autumn, and bringing her many a blooming nosegay of flowers in the summer, from the leafy dells and fairy hollows and romantic crags that lay around their homes.

It was the old story. As years rolled on, their childish fondness ripened into love, and they were happy for a time as human hearts could be. The old gentlemen met frequently, and talked jovially over their wine, of the prospects of their children, and even of the day when John Fitzgerald and the fair Rosaleen were to be united heart and hand in marriage. They were happy, that young pair, but they little knew that in a certain dark heart there was a plot fast maturing to put a period to their joy, and blight their future lives. Their enemy, strange to say, was young Weston. Since his early boyhood, from some unknown cause, he hated young Fitzgerald, but with the consummate tact peculiar to a vindictive and treacherous mind, he continued to conceal his hatred beneath the mask of a friendly countenance. This was the more dangerous, as young Fitzgerald was of an open and impetuous temper, simple and confiding, and never restrained himself in telling to the brother of his affianced bride every secret of his heart-everything that arose to his mind at the impulse of the moment.

Young Weston secretly and skilfully continued to work at his dark plans, as time wore on, and unfortunately the political disturbances of the time, aided him surely in his treacherous intents. In an unguarded hour John Fitzgerald disclosed to him his connection with a band of United Irishmen that were at the time maturing their plans for raising the South on the breaking out of the war. This band of United Men was at the time under the command of several young gentlemen, who held a high place in society, and among whom John Fitzgerald was held in high esteem, on account of his daring courage, and the knowledge of military tactics he displayed at their secret meetings. The disclosure of his fatal secret to young Weston filled that worthy with an infamous delight, knowing as he did that his base plot was coming speedily to its consummation, and yet he hesitated to inform his father, who was a magistrate, because he was well aware of the strong friendship that existed between the two old gentlemen, and suspected that his disclosure would not have the desired effect. But he adopted another plan. One morning his father walked out to the kennel to see how some of his favorite fox-hounds were getting on, and met Ter Kelly, the whipper-in, before him, most industriously attending to the morning meal of the noisy dogs.

"Well Ter," asked the old gentleman, "how is Miss Biddy to-day?" (Miss Biddy, by the way, was the favourite of the pack, and had been sick for a few days

previous.)

"Begor, your honour," answered the slippery Ter, she's gittin' on most beautifully. Look at her how

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she aits. May I never sin if she's not able this mortial minit to swally a fox, body an' sowl, an' all bekaise o' the dhrop o' potheen I gave her this mornin' to warm her heart, the crathur!"

"She looks better certainly," rejoined his master, turning away satisfied; but this did not suit Ter Kelly.

"I hope your honor is better o' the rheumatics this mornin,' sir," he said, "an' that you heard the morthial an' awful news that's runnin' about like wildfire through the country!"

"What news, you scoundrel!" answered his master, whose joints began to be afflicted at the moment with some twinges of the unpleasant malady Ter had just

"The news about the ruction that's to be, your honour," answered Ter, "an' about the way the United men are meeting every night, an' preparin' to massacray every livin' sojer in the country. They say, also, that the young masther over the way," and he pointed his thumb knowingly in the direction of Fitzgerald's home, "that he is to be gineral over them, an' that his name is mentioned in the prophecy of St. Columkill, an' that he's to walk knee-deep in the blood o' the ——"

"Is that all?" said the old foxhunter, turning away suddenly, and thus cutting short. Ter's sanguinary com-

That was all that morning. But day by day the news came in from every side, confirming Ter's statement, till at last old Weston began to think seriously on the matter. It is enough to say that, ere a week was over, so artfully had young Weston worked out his plans, the two old gentlemen were estranged, and all intercourse forbidden between Rosaleen and her faithful lover, John Fitzgerald. But prohibitions like this are rarely obeyed. The lovers still met frequently, and vowed eternal constancy to one another at each parting.

It was the summer of '98, and the insurrection had at length broken out, bringing consternation and sorrow to many a household throughout the length and breadth of the land. John Fitzgerald at length received a secret summons that should be obeyed. It was an intimation from the insurgent commander, that his services were required at head-quarters, and notwithstandstanding his love for Rosaleen and other circumstances, he began his preparations for setting out for Wexford, where the war was then raging furiously. The disclosure of his intention fell heavily on the heart of poor Rosaleen Weston. After the first burst of her grief was over, they agreed to have one other interview before his departure, and when the hour came they met at the usual trysting-place, a deep and woody dell that extended up the breast of the high mountain.

They sat beside the tiny stream that tinkled downward through the quiet glen, and with all they had to say did not perceive the time passing, till the approach of sunset. The spot on which they were sitting, afforded a splendid view over the broad and varied plain that extended far away from the foot of the mountains, and that was bounded on the south by a steep and pic-

turesque range of hills, the green slopes and summits of which the setting sun was now gilding with his expiring glories.

"It is a hard thing to part, dearest," said John Fitzgerald, looking fondly into the tearful eyes of Rosaleen, "but it is harder still to stay inactive here, branding my name with dishonour, breaking my plighted oath, and perhaps, hiding my head in shame while my countrymen are bravely fighting for their liberties!"

"It is hard, John," said Rosaleen, "but does it not seem harder to leave me. Alss! why did you take that fatal oath, of the United men? Have you not liberty enough?"

"I have, perhaps, liberty enough, Rosaleen," answered her lover, "but there are thousands of my countrymen ground down to the dust, and it is my duty to give my humble aid in assisting them to arise. But I shall not be long away, dearest," continued he. "The war cannot last long, and then, when we are victorious, as I trust we surely shall be—when I have gained by my deeds preferment in the new army of my country—then, darling, I will return and claim you as my brightest reward!"

"Alas!" answered Rosaleen, as she burst into tears, "it will be a perilous time for you, John, and for my part, I cannot look on the matter in any other light. You are going wilfully into danger, and the day you mention may never come."

"But it will come, Rosaleen!" exclaimed her lover vehemently. "Our plans are laid well, and trust me that, with God's blessing, I shall come back soon, and claim you for my wife. And now we must part. Goodbye, and may heaven bless and guard you!" and the brave young enthusiast clasped her in his arms, kissed her wet cheeks fondly, and in a moment was gone. That night the united men met on the summit of the mountain. John Fitzgerald was elected their commander, and putting himself at their head, he marched gallantly down into the plain, and by many a wild and unfrequented path shaped his course for Wexford.

A deep melancholy fell upon the spirits of Rosaleen Weston, after the departure of her lover. She that was so joyous and happy while she knew the chosen of her heart was near, now that he was gone—gone to encounter hardship and privation, and perhaps to meet death upon the field of battle—was almost mad with grief, and knew not a moment's interval of enjoyment. There are some who, when parting from those they love, feel a sudden and violent burst of sorrow, which, like the mountain torrent when the storm is over, soon subsides; but the grief of Rosaleen Weston was not of this kind; though deep and strong, it was as enduring as her very life itself. Her friends, her father, and all tried to comfort her, but in vain.

The country was now in a state of dreadful commotion. The insurgents had at length met the royal army face to face upon a fair field, and had conquered. Day after day news came of the progress of the war. Three successive engagements had again been fought, and in each of them the royal party had been worsted, It was indeed surprising to witness the celerity with which the intelligence of a battle spread throughout the country at this time. Fugitives endeavouring to return secretly to their homes from some skirmish in which they had been badly wounded, carmen driving downward after being pressed into the service of royalists or insurgents to convey baggage to Wexford; disbanded or deserting yeomen hurrying with terror in their countenances to some place of protection, spread, as they brought information of the success or discomfiture of the insurgent armies, joy or sorrow throughout the southern province. But still no news came of John Fitzgerald.

Matters at last came to a crisis. The battle of Vinegar Hill was fought and lost by the insurgents, chiefly. indeed, through their own misconduct, and the irresolution and disagreement of their generals. Home was now their signal word, and as they passed in detached parties through the southern counties, they spread sorrow and consternation on their way. A few days after the battle, as Rosaleen was sitting on a shady seat out on the lawn, thinking with sorrowful heart upon the probable fate of her lover, she saw her brother riding quickly towards her up a narrow walk that led to the public road. He dismounted, and as he took a seat near her, appeared much excited, and in a far lighter and more jovial mood than was usual to his dark temperament. From this, however, she could augur nothing favourable, and with a sad presentiment at her heart, begged of him if he had, as he seemed, any intelligence to communicate, to do so at once.

"I was riding a few hours," he said, with an expression of mock sorrow in his dark face, "at the foot of the hill, and came upon a party of the broken-down rebels returning from the thrashing they got at Vinegar Hill. I inquired about my old comrade, John Fitzgerald"——

"My God, Harry!" exclaimed Rosaleen, "tell me, I beg of you, what about him, at once—at once, I tell you; for no matter what's past, he is still my betrothed husband?"

"I am going to do so," answered her brother coolly. 
"They told me that on the evening of the battle, while leading—like a general of course—the small detachment under his command into the final charge, they said that he was struck by a cannon shot, and left for dead upon the field! That's the fate of your general that, according to his calculations, was to be!"

Poor Rosaleen could hear no more. With a wild shriek of despair and grief, she fell insensible from her seat. This was a result which her cruel brother very little expected, and feeling now a real apprehension, he alarmed the servants, and Rosaleen was conveyed to her chamber. But there all their efforts to restore her to consciousness proved unavailing. A doctor was sent for immediately to the nearest town, but when he arrived and learned the circumstances he shook his head, and told her father that he had very serious fears regarding her recovery. His fears were but too well founded, for at the dawn of the next morning she

awoke in the delirium of a brain fever. For many days the wild delirium continued. At length it subsided somewhat For some hours she spoke to those around her with a strange and unnatural calmness, but the wandering fits again returned—again subsided, and returned, and she finally relapsed into a state of mental derangement. Poor Rosaleen, the accomplished, the guileless the beautiful, the fair fabric of her mind was sapped to its foundation, and the bright hopes she had built up seemed shattered for evermore.

After some time she began to gain a little strength, and was permitted by her father to take a short walk occasionally into the garden and round the lawn, but at first always attended by her nurse. On these occasions, with that affecting simplicity peculiar to persons in her state, she usually employed herself in searching round the shrubberies and underneath the old beech trees that studded the lawn, for something which she appeared desirous of keeping secret. On returning one evening from one of these rambles, she appeared more dejected than usual, and when her nurse inquired the cause of her sadness, she burst into a violent fit of weeping, saying that she was ever searching round the lawn for John Fitzgerald's grave, but that she could never find it! Time wore on; the vigilance with which she was watched began to be relaxed, and she was frequently permitted to walk alone round the lawn, and farther into the demesne. She had not indeed abandoned the idea that her lover's grave was somewhere near, and between searching for it and plucking garlands of wild flowers to deck it should her search prove successful; she spent most of her time in the open air during the beautiful evenings of declining summer, but at the same time always returned punctually before nightfall.

One evening, Rosaleen Weston did not appear in her father's parlour at her usual hour. The old gentleman, after waiting some time, sent out a couple of the servants to see what caused her delay. They came hastily back, saying, that they had searched round all her haunts but could not find her. A general search was now made, but it was unsuccessful. The tenantry around were by this time made acquainted with what had happened, and a sharp search was made round the villages near, round the base of the mountain, and into the wild dells where she loved so much to ramble when John Fitzgerald was by her side, but still no Rosaleen could be found. In the darkness, still the search was continued, but it was unavailing. Morning dawned upon the heart-broken father and the remorseful brother, and another and more vigorous search was made, but with the same success as on the preceding day and night.

Years before, ere dissension had arisen between their fathers, young Rosaleen and her lover frequently ascended to the summit of the mountain, on the side of which lay their last trysting-place. There they were wont to sit for hours and talk of the wild legends told by the peasantry in connection with that stately mountain. Often, too, John Fitzgerald would tell her stories of the battered old castles that lay beneath, of the

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bravery of the sturdy chiefs that held them in the olden time, and the way they fought against the enemy of their native land on many a well-contested field. There was one feature of the scene, however, on which the lovers, particularly at sunset, looked with more de-light than on all the others. It was the beautiful range of hills that formed the far southern boundary of the broad plain beneath. One of these hills towered high above its neighbours, in the shape of a smooth green cone with scattered woods running up its sides, and a solitary rock upon its summit. On a certain evening they were sitting on their usual seat on the summit of the mountain near their home. A gorgeous scene lay before them. The silent plain, the broad river that ran along its northern verge, glittering like a stream of gold in the descending sun, and the far circle of surrounding mountains brought a holy and strange calmness into their young hearts.

"How red and clear," exclaimed John Fitzgerald, turning towards their favourite point of the prospect—
"how bright the sunset falls upon that lonely group of

"And look," answered Rosaleen, "at the little rock on the point of the highest hill. It is like one of those ancient altars you tell me of where the ancient inhabitants worshipped the sun!"

"Yes," rejoined her lover; "and beneath, how bright it is. Ah! Rosaleen, when in after times death shall steal upon us, how I long that we could sleep side by side in one of those peaceful and lonely gorges. There the birds would sing day after day their sweet songs, the wild flowers would bloom undisturbed over our grave, and the mountain streams murmur around it joyously for ever!"

On the evening previous to Rosaleen's disappearance, she had paid a stolen visit to the summit of the mountain from which they viewed that loved scene so often. Casting her eyes to the south, she beheld again that beautiful chain of hills in all their sunset glory. Suddenly it struck her mind that the wish of her lover might have been fulfilled, and that his grave lay in the sunlit gorge he had pointed out on the evening alluded to shore

"It must be so!" she exclaimed, as she now quickly descended the mountain. "His grave must be there, and I will go and seek it!"

She hurried homeward, and it was noticed by those who attended on her that she appeared on that night in a happier state of mind than usual. Next day at her usual time of walking, wrapping herself in a large mantle which she occasionally wore, she stole out and proceeded by an unfrequented path in the direction of the southern chain of hills. And thus it was that she had disappeared from her home.

At the foot of the highest of these hills, there was, at that time, a small village called Barna. It was completely surrounded by woods, the remains of the ancient forest that once clothed the whole of that wild and romantic district. At the upper end of this village there was a green glade in the wood, sloping up the foot of

the mountain; and in a level hollow of this glade, beneath a huge sycamore tree, the villagers were accustomed to sit on holiday evenings listening to the strain of some wandering musician, or the tale of some ancient shanachie or storyteller. One evening, they were all not a little astounded at the sight of a young and beautiful lady, richly dressed, and sitting on the verge of the glade, smiling at them, and watching their merriment. It was poor Rosaleen Weston. How she had reached the place, and how she continued to subsist during her sore and toilsome journey, she was unable during the whole of her after life, and it was a long one, to remember. But there, however, she was, to the no small wonderment of the villagers. First they thought her a spirit, and were inclined to scatter in consternation to their homes. By degrees, however, their curiosity got the better of their fear. They waited, gazing silently upon her, until at length she rose, came down to the tree, and spoke to them. Then they soon guessed what she was, and the sad mental malady into which she had fallen. In that quiet hamlet she lived for nearly a month, and was treated kindly and tenderly by the poor villagers, who soon grew to love her for her simple ways, her beauty, and her artless talk, and more than all, because, as they said, her mind was gone, and that it was their duty to tend her and guard her well. She had found a green spot amid the wood, which she said was her lover's grave, and day by day she visited it, decked it with flowers, and sang sad songs over it.

One day, about a month after her arrival, she was sitting on the green spot in the wood, weaving a garland of flowers. Suddenly she heard a step behind her, and on turning round, beheld her lover. She started to her feet, flew to him, clung fondly around him for a moment, and then dropped down into a long but quiet swoon. When she awoke, John Fitzgerald was bending over her and sprinkling her brow with water. Strange to say, her mental malady was quite gone, and she now remembered everything distinctly that had happened previous to that terrible moment her brother had given his fatal and treacherous news on the lawn.

John Fitzgerald had been only slightly wounded at Vinegar Hill. He had, some time after the battle, returned to his native place, where he contrived to evade the officers of the government. Hearing of the disappearance of Rosaleen, he had made search for her during many a weary day, and was now rewarded well for his trouble.

"How can we go home?" said Rosaleen. "Ah, John, it was a weary time for me, but I hope we will be parted no more. And yet I fear my father and brother!"

"We will not go home," answered her lover. "The priest of this parish is my father's cousin. He will marry us, and then we can easily reach France, where I trust to be able to advance myself in the profession I have chosen—as a soldier!"

They were married, they contrived to reach France also, and there John Fitzgerald prospered in his profession. About eighteen years afterwards a carriage

drove by the village of Barna, where they still remembered the White Lady. It stopped at the little inn by the wayside. In it were a dark, military-looking gentleman and a lady, who desired that the heads of the different families in the village should come to them. To each they gave a present of money, for the sake, they said, of the poor young lady that had received such kindly shelter there many years before. Away again rolled the carriage over the great plain, and stopping only to change horses at an occasional town, at length arrived at the foot of the mountain, and before the gate of old Fitzgerald, who was still living. It was Captain John Fitzgerald and his lady, the still fair Rosaleen.

At this part of his manuscript the doctor goes so deeply and profoundly into the analysis of human feelings that it is impossible to follow him in his lucubrations. The reader will easily conceive the joy of old Fitzgerald and his son and daughter-in-law at their meeting after so many years' separation. Rosaleen's father was dead, and her brother married and flourishing, as if he had never done wrong, upon his ancestral estate. Probably he had repented of his bad deeds, else, I am sure, the erudite and somewhat irascible doctor would have done him poetic justice in his manuscript. After some time old Fitzgerald also died, and Captain John succeeded to the estate.

On finishing my notes from this part of the manuscript, the doctor guessing to what I had arrived, raised his head somewhat, and put back his white hair from his forehead. Still gazing on a page of *The Lancet*, however, he said half to himself and half to me—

"June 30, 1858, eleven o'clock, P.M., Captain John Fitzgerald and Rosaleen, his wife, cheerfully and without pain, and surrounded by their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, both died—died on the same instant!"

### OUR THEATRE.

#### BY CAVIARE.

WHEN I say "Our Theatre," let nobody contract the delusion that I am the manager, leader, prompter, callboy, candle-snuffer, or any other functionary connected with a corps dramatique. I should repel the suspicion with scorn. I am a quiet, cheerful-minded, long-headed old gentleman, given to third floors, top-coats and weighty-umbrellas; lucky in the possession of an independent income, and graciously disposed towards the Legitimate Drama. My proclivity to the sock and buskin is of date almost immemorial. When only ten years of age, I played the part of the subordinate grave-digger in Hamlet with such fidelity to nature that many of my friends suggested that I should be apprenticed to the parish sexton; and the local paper, the Brownchurch Gimerack, declared, in a double-leaded paragraph, that from the graceful manner in which I handled my mattock and shouldered my pickaxe, I was evidently destined by nature to ornament the science of agriculture.

The publication of those details may appear egotistical on my part; but I assure the world that they are worthy of the most unreserved credit.

For the last thirty years I have withdrawn to a great extent from public life, spending the greater part of my existence in the genteel retirement of a third storey, in the most secluded corner of Brownchurch. I know little of the exterior world, as I don't subscribe to the newspapers, and all my correspondents have dropped off with the exception of one, who invariably writes on blue paper and an official envelope, the latter embellished on the margin with the title of Her Majesty's Office of Income Tax. Into my circumscribed sphere, however, I manage occasionally to introduce a little variety. My benevolence has passed into a proverb amongst the associated organ-grinders. They honour me with frequent visits, and I confess I like them. To me they supply the want of concert and opera. Owing to the attention I pay them I flatter myself I can whistle with unquestionable correctness the most florid passages of the Casta Diva, which I could never pick up at the Opera; and it would do one good to hear me as I accompany myself with my knuckles on the chess-board through the exciting harmonies of the Rataplan. Have I not taught-is it not the current topic of local conversation-my landlady's blackbird the four introductory bars of the grand march in Petro L'Eremita, and inoculated Miss Prettyman's parrot with peculiar appreciation of that divine melody, "We met—'twas in a crowd, and I thought," etc.? With such instalments of artistic success, what future triumphs may I not

At certain seasons my retirement is enlivened by the exhibition of Punch and Judy, which affords me and my landlady a source of unqualified gratification. When Punch last visited us I remarked that his inexpressibles were shabby and exhibiting a tendency to disintegration. His frills, too, were inclining to ruggedness and that state of constitutional attenuation which of necessity imposes a permanent abstinence from the washing tub. My sympathies were touched at this manifestation of professional destitution. I presented the proprietor of this worthy and good-natured individual with a half yard of yellow bed-curtain, and I was seconded by my landlady, who enriched the theatrical wardrobe with the codicil of a lace night-cap. Let no one grumble at the publication of these details. They are stern facts, and worthy of imitation.

These, however, are trivial happinesses compared to the profound delight I experience when "our theatre" arrives in town. "Our theatre," I must premise, is a species of periodic phenomenon,—a meteoric visitation which dazzles for a moment and suddenly vanishes, amid a chaos of undischarged obligations, and the wild convulsions of lodging-houses. It is generally preceded by a profuse display of cream-coloured bills, which break out like an eruption of yellow fever on the dead walls and gables of Brownchurch. The shop windows are generally embellished with lithograph portraits of the star of the company, sitting in an arm-chair at a

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drawing-room window draped with figured hangings; his vest decorated with a (fancy) watch guard; a delicate glove in one hand and a riding-whip in the other. I can always prophesy the advent of the company by the visible commotion which disturbs the lodging-houses, which all of a sudden appear to become impressed with the necessity of airing their bed-clothes and despatching their sheets to the mangle-woman. I detect other indications of the future in the smell of stale feathers which blows up from Wing-alley, and the luminous discharge of white-wash which occurs in Pit avenue. The grocers, too, ornament their windows at this season with a variety of pickled ham and red herrings; and the local bill-sticker assumes a wholly foreign air of respectability.

"Our Theatre," by the way, invariably arrives nocturnally. "We fly by night," is an assertion practically adopted by the company. How they do come I have never been able to ascertain, and there is always a sort of dramatic indistinctness about their latest location. To-day you pass the market-square, the broad area of which is in the sole possession of a half dozen hens, gallanted by a cock, mendicant in comb and muscle, who has defeated the evil intentions of the domestic larder for the past three years by his persistent abstinence. To-morrow evening you will be astonished to find the place populous, full of life and bustle,-wooden walls, canvass roofs, banners and streamers; a stage blazing with gold-lace, slashed velvets; immaculate muslins, feathered hats, daggers and rapiers; whilst the voice of the manager, pledging his honour that the performance is about to commence, and beseeching the crowd to remember that the charge is but "one penny," contends with the thunders of the drum and fife, which constitute the orchestra. Occasionally the company entertain the exterior public with a dance, in which, I state it with considerable reluctance, they violate every recognized law of dramatic propriety. Thus I have seen Hamlet, plumed and spangled, lead off a minuet with his mother, Queen Gertrude, and Ophelia perform a slip-jig with the King of Denmark. At other times the members of the corps united in a song; and I have often felt considerably mortified to hear Desdemona, Iago, and Michael Cassio execute: "Come let us be happy together!" whilst Othello handled the violin, and appeared to rejoice at this strange unanimity of sentiment. Those are sights deeply calculated to make the judicious grieve, though I confess they amuse the crowd amazingly; and only such entertainments are open and gratis, I have no doubt that the public would honour them with encores.

Of the prose, or common-place life of the company, I happen to know something. Though I have never frequented the stage-door in order to observe Catherine of Arragon abdicate her royalty and step out of her titles and velvets, into the battered bonnet and draggled-tailed calico of Mary Dawson; or, to see Richard III. renounce his gilded mail and false calves, and resolve himself into the lean shanks and shabby respectability of Fred. Higgins, and have abundant opportunities for

noticing the transformations through which the corps passes from the ideal to the actual.

Mr. Bunbury, whom the bills modestly announce as the "leading tragedian of the day," always occupies the top-room in the public-house, the gable of which is in a direct line with my residence. On the stage no one can be grander than the said Mr. Bunbury; off the stage no one can be more contemptible. He is a strange man, gifted with a remarkable fluency of speech, and adorned with a very unique description of nose. The peculiarity of this organ consists in the fact that it is only visible in profile. At some remote stage of his existence Mr. Bunbury's nose must have been subjected to a slap of a mallet on its upper section, which reduced that particular part to a dead level with the plane of his countenance. Mr. Bunbury's nose makes its first perceptible projection precisely an inch and a half below the junction of his eyebrows, where it shoots out suddenly like a fragment of cornice, the upper surface of which forms a right angle with the vertical depression. In private life Mr. Bunbury appears to incline to conviviality. He ornaments the gable windows day after day with his nose, a long pipe, a pot of porter, and a shirt profusely spotted with purple tomahawks. I fear from the multitudinous phases of feeling which rapidly depict themselves on his face, that he is a victim to strong emotions. He has established an intimacy with the perriwinkle women at the corner; and I believe that cockles form a considerable element of his gastronomy. Only this morning I observed the "leading tragedian" darting across from the baker's with a hot roll in one hand, and a bunch of radishes in the other. My landlady tells me that he is given to sheep's kidneys and sausages.

All the town is acquainted with that singular fragment of ancient virginity, "Miss Mary Dawson," who always plays the part of sentimental heroines, and is butchered by remorseless tyrants, thrice every night, on a conscientious average. Miss Dawson—her name is Mrs. Kilcock, being married for the last sixteen years to Mr. Kilcock, the drummer of the establishment-is marvellously fat, cherry-nosed individual. walks about Brownchurch daily in a bonnet of the last century, embellished with a collection of flowers which reminds one of the dry specimens in a botanical museum. She has a very impressive countenance, one that would last your recollection for fifty years, perhaps, being distinguished for a mouth, permanently curled up into that agonising twist which the world recognised as the traditional inheritance of superannuated cornopean players. Miss Dawson's history is romantic, encouraging, and suggestive. At the age of thirteen she eloped from behind the counter of the Bull and Calf tavern with a rope-dancer, who captured her heart whilst exercising his muscular morality before the bar window. They fell out and separated at the end of three months, he departing, with the approbation of his countrymen, to a penal settlement in the South Seas, in consideration of his talents for lock-picking; she to tread the stage, and dwindle through a series of vicissitudes into the wonderful phenomenon which appals the inhabitants of Brownchurch.

One evening, three years ago, I invited my landlady to accompany me to "our theatre." She readily accepted the invitation, and three hours before we were prepared to start, the amazing fact was the public property of the neighbourhood. The entire population of the street turned out to see us off; and we left amidst a tempest of congratulations. Having reached the theatre, we shouldered our way with considerable difficulty through a number of women and boys noisily congregated around the platform. My venerable companion and I ascended the ladder, and were about depositing the entrance money, when the manager informed me, in a whisper, that by going round to the pit we should make ourselves more comfortable than in the gallery. As we descended the ladder, the boys raised a cheer, and some of them had the consummate impudence to assert aloud, that "the old coves"-the profane epithet applied to us-" were turned out because they wanted to get in for nothing." I smothered my indignation, and went round to the pit. Outside the door a placard, which reminded me of a coloured photograph of a display of fire-works, and, which evidently owed its existence to a combination of brick dust and washing blue, with the fortuitous interposition of a paste-brush, informed us that "the sublime tragedy of Macbeth, with new scenery, dresses and appointments, would be produced that evening." The manager's wife admitted us. She was a stout woman in half mourning, or more correctly, one of her eyes was black and the other white. We had scarcely seated ourselves when I had the supreme satisfaction of ascertaining that we were the only respectable persons in the house. A young woman, with a strong resemblance to a barrack laundress, sat close to us. Some ugly-looking fellows, who chewed tobacco and enjoyed unfeigned gratification in squirting the juice at the foot-lights, sat in front. The seat to the rear was tenanted by a butcher's boy, who had surreptitiously introduced his master's bull-dog, the porter of the local workhouse, three applewomen, and a peace constable. The gallery was a chaos of heads enveloped in tobacco smoke, out of which there came occasionally peremptory orders to "up with the rag," and demands for "Garryowen." "The rag," I subsequently understood, was the term applied to the drop scene, a quiet piece of painting, which represented an Italian landscape with a campanile in the foreground, a Chinese pagoda in the background, and a backwood settlement in the middle distance. I soon became unpleasantly aware that I had attracted the attention of the gods on the upper benches. Amid a perfect storm of laughter, a great gruff voice, which I could only attribute to an enginedriver, congratulated me publicly on the fact of my possessing "a clean shirt;" and immediately afterwards another voice suggested, amid increased merriment, that I had settled that ten-penny debt with my washerwoman. With the traditional inconsistency of mobs, the attention of the gallery was now directed to my landlady. That quiet-minded individual was rather loudly interrogated on the condition of her bonnet, an article which, I am not ashamed to admit, belonged to a very remote fashionable epoch. It was insinuated that she slept in it; and, further, and most provoking of all, that it occasionally acted in the capacity of hostage for a halfcrown at the local pawn-office. Deeply agonised at those virulent attacks, I turned to my landlady for the purpose of affording her a little seasonable consolation. when the slap of an orange peel, which I received on the nose, peremptorily terminated the conversation,

As we patiently sat on our pit bench, a cry of "In, in," resounded from the exterior stage; the drum suddenly ceased, the boys cheered, the doors banged open, and in tumbled precipitately Macbeth, followed by Lady Macbeth, Duncan, Banquo, and the rest of the company. They swept in like a flight of Janissaries, rushed down the gallery steps, cleared the pit division at a bound, and darted behind the coulisse with the agility of a caravan of monkeys. The cries to "hoist the rag," from the gallery, now became clamorous and deafening. A faint tinkle of a bell, which sounded like a spoon rattled in an egg-cup, gusts of conversation at the wings, evident perturbation behind the scenes, and

the curtain went up.

It became readily evident that no ordinary familiarity existed between the actors and the audience, for when the first witch, a gaunt, lean-boned man, attired in a cotton shawl and a night-cap, inquired of his mysterious associate, "When shall we three meet again?" a gentleman in the gallery promptly replied-"To-night, of coorse, at The Cat and Uridiron,"—a pot-house of ra-rather equivocal reputation in one of the worst districts of Brownchurch. When the first witch took the liberty of enquiring, once more, "Where the place?" the same gentleman, probably annoyed at the diabolical stupidity of the spirit, roared, "Didn't I tell you before?" Loud laughter followed this incident; and the witches vanished amid the cordial applause of the gallery. I think I have a fair recollection of the costumes which graced the second scene of the drama. King Duncan was imposingly splendid. A fillet of tin scolloped at the edges "rounded his kingly brows;" his legs were ornamented with mocassins, and a faded opera-cloak, brilliant with innumerable spangles, hung gracefully from his shoulders. Malcolm rejoiced in the complete uniform of a private of Flying Artillery. Donalbain was glorious in a kilt of green calico, in addition to a constable's tunic, the tails of which admiringly overlapped his skirt. Lennox's attire was provokingly miscellaneous; he wore pink tights under a trunk hose; his skull was compressed into a cavalry forage-cap; and the belt at his waist was so profusely enriched with forks and white-handled dinner knives, that it might be mistaken for the domestic section of an archeological armoury. At the entrance of Macbeth and Banquo in the third scene, the occupants of the gallery simultaneously rose and cheered. The approbation was exclusively intended for Mr. Bunbury, who, as Macbeth, strode leisurely across the stage, as if he were going to disappear, but suddenly changing ly,

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his mind, wheeled sharply at the opposite wing, and in a voice of such terrific compass, that it seemed to proceed from the soles of his sandals, informed his companion that so foul and fair a day he had not seen. When I had time to study Mr. Bunbury's countenance, I observed that the ordinary characteristics of his nose had totally disappeared. It had suddenly developed itself into a perfectly symmetrical organ. I was wholly mable to account for this rapid reformation in the structure of Mr. Bunbury's physiognomy; and I proceeded to take a synopsis of his attire. The latter was singularly comprehensive. It consisted of a pair of white stockings; do. of purple knee-breeches; a tunic of chain mail, and a Glengarry towering with turkey feathers. His left arm was shielded by a capacious pot-lid, smelling of a recent visitation of flannel and bathbrick, whilst his right hand valorously grasped a baskethandled sword. Mr. Bunbury did, no doubt, appreciate his own importance. Every word was dropped with premeditated grace; his stalk was majestic enough for a Bengal tiger, and every gesture was as expressive as the mandate—" Away with him to the lowest dungeon of the castle!" In delivering the soliloquies he knitted his brows, distended his chest, and rushed frantically from one side of the stage to the other. But throughout the evening, I could not dispossess myself of the notion that he entertained a certain anxiety touching the integrity of his nose.

I was profoundly anxious to see Lady Macbeth, that is to say, Miss Mary Dawson. She came at last, and didn't she create a sensation? A tremendous rustling at the wings announced her approach; and in she marched with a superb hauteur, robed in what appeared to me to be a suit of flowered bed curtains. Lady Macbeth advanced to the centre of the stage, slowly raised her left hand in order to exhibit an arm lustrously white with chalk powder, and gathering up a parody on a smile from the nineteen angles of her mouth, gave, in a voice which reminded me of the tone of a cracked piano sharp, the reply to Duncan,

"All our service, In every point twice done, and then done double," &c.

We had now got as far as "Scene VII." and had been introduced to "a room in the castle." The room by the way was a curiosity; the side walls were represented by a variety of fir and larch trees, whilst the flat, or back scene, pictured a fisherman's cottage, adorned with dead ling and mackerel, High above the roar of trumpets and hautboys, the rush of servants, bearing pasteboard joints on fictitious dishes, and the grandiloquent tones of Mr. Bunbury, a voice at this moment roared out, from the top steps of the gallery, "Snuff the candles!" The ukase of the manager was addressed to a half-dozen ragged-backed youths who sat huddled in a group below the proscenium, and who had been admitted gratis on condition of their undertaking to snuff the candles. As the boys showed evident reluctance to discharge their functions, the manager re-

peated his order in a voice tremendously thrilling, accompanying the mandate with a few metaphorical flourishes of a horse-whip. The boys readily comprehended the managerial allegory, and cries of "Snuff the candles, Jack!"

"No, I wont; 'tis your turn."

"Snuff 'em, or I'll smash your ---."

"Would you be able?"

"I would."

"You wouldn't," immediately arose from the guar-

dians of the footlights.

At last one red-headed boy struck a big-mouthed boy on the mouth, and received at the same time a blow on the neck from a brown-headed boy behind him. The fight immediately became general, and the butcher's boy, followed by the smuggled bull-dog, jumped into the mêlée. The former pummelled away vigorously, whilst the dog drove his teeth, as was evidenced by the gentleman's screams, deeper than the corduroy, into a long-eared boy's inexpressibles. The delight of the gallery was unbounded. Cries of "Bravo!" "hit bim!" "well done!" succeeded each other, and every one appeared to enjoy the scene, until Mr. Bunbury, seeing the fruitlessness of verbal remonstrances to pacify the belligerents, stepped to the foot-lights, and knocked down the butcher's boy with a stroke of the pot-lid. He had scarcely performed this heroic feat, when upwards of forty fellows scrambled into the pit, and amid shouts of "fair play !" and "ha, ha, Bunbury !" jumped upon the stage. Mr. Bunbury determined to die like an ancient Roman, and was actually about to pink one of his assailants, when he received a blow on the nose which sent a deposit of painted putty flying into his eyes, and reduced the nasal organ to its normal condition. All now became confusion, screams for the police, and requests for mercy resounded from every quarter. Finally, the pit door was forced from within, and giving my arm to my venerable companion, we escaped with safety from the theatrical tumult.

#### SNEEZING.

It is a curious fact that in every corner of the world, civilized or barbarous, sneezing, a very natural result of obvious causes, is almost everywhere greeted, if we may be allowed the use of such a word in the present instance, with a salutation. In Italy, no matter how often you sneeze, it is customary for the bystanders to exclaim " prosit!" or in plain English, "May it do you good!" The Spaniards and the French employ similar invocations, and however the usage may have found its way into this country, the Irish, whether speaking the old language or the modern vernacular, invariably accompany the sternutation with a "God bless you!" We do not mean to insinuate that this custom prevails among what is called the "genteel class," which regards it in the light of a vulgarism, though perhaps without any good or solid reason, but we need hardly say to those who are

familiar with the customs of the peasantry and working classes of Ireland, that the latter seldom omit the "God

bless you!" when you happen to sneeze.

It might be worth the while of some zealous antiquary to enlighten us on the origin of a custom which has prevailed so universally and at all periods, and show us why we Christians have adopted a mode of salutation which, in this particular instance, was looked upon by the Pagans as an indispensable formula of politeness. Sigonio, in his Lives of the Roman Pontiffs, tells us that this custom originated in the times of Pope St. Gregory (A.D. 590), "When," says he, "during the prevalence of the great plague that almost depopulated Rome, thousands died either in the act of sneezing or of yawning, which induced the formula observed even in our days, of saying 'God bless you!' when one sneezes, and making the sign of the cross on the mouth when we yawn." The latter action, doubtless, may have found its origin in the circumstances alluded to by Sigonio; but as for the salutation with which sneezing was accompanied, it can be traced to a period long anterior to the promulgation of Christianity. We have already observed that it was a polite formula among the idolatrons Romans, and, indeed we have only to turn to the pages of their literature for proofs of the assertion. Petronius Arbiter, for example, an elegant and licentious writer during the reign of Nero, tells us that-

"When Giton sneezed three times one after the other, so that the bed shook, Eumolpus faced about at the sound, and cried, 'Jove keep you, Giton!"

Pliny, in the 28th book of his history, relates of Tiberius Cæsar, that "he not only saluted the person who sneezed, but peremptorily insisted, even when riding in his chariot, on being saluted whenever he himself sneezed." Nor was the custom less in vogue among the Greeks, as we learn from a collection of epigrams by an anonymous author, one of which humourously narrates how a certain Proclus had such a long nose that he never said, "Help me, Jove!" because the length of the organ and its distance from the ears prevented him from hearing the sound! Translated into Latin, the epigram runs thus—

"Non potis est Proclus digitis emungere nasum Namque est pro nasi mole pusilla manus. Nec vocat ille Jovem sternutans: quippe nec audit Sternutamentum, tam procul aure sonat."

From this it appears that it was not only customary to salute others when they sneezed, but likewise that the sneezers were in the habit of saluting themselves, using some such invocation, as "aid me, Jove!" So absurdly superstitious were the pagans about this most insignificant action, that if a guest on rising from table happened to sneeze, the whole company were wont to resume their seats, and although filled to repletion, eat something more, in order that the feast should not terminate with a sinister omen. Strange as it may appear

to us, the fate of an army, or the success of a great enterprize, was often marred by a sneeze! Herodotus. for example, gives us the following proof of what we have stated. "When Hippias, son of Pisistratus," says the father of history, "was at the head of the army, he was suddenly seized with such a violent fit of sneezing that one of his teeth fell out, and could not be found after a diligent search. This being observed by the general, he remarked, 'We cannot conquer this country, or occupy more of it than my tooth covers." Re it said to their credit, however, that there were some few exceptions to this wide-spread superstition, for we read of an Athenian captain who laughed at his soldiers for being intimidated when a man in the ranks sneezed, and addressed them thus, to revive their courage:-"What wonder if among so many thousands there should be one having a cold in his head; and why should not the man sneeze?" In fact, the Greeks regarded sneezing as an omen of good or ill luck, and this superstition was not only prevalent but very ancient, even in the days of Homer, as appears from the seventeenth book of the Odyssey, where we find Penelope exclaiming that her prayers were heard because her son Telemachus had sneezed.

"She spoke Telemachus then sneezed aloud; Constrain'd, his nostril echo'd through the crowd. The smiling queen the happy omen blest:
So may these impious fall by fate opprest."

Nor was it less prevalent among the Romans, for they believed that to sneeze before dinner hour (which was in the morning), was an unlucky omen, foretokening a calamitous day: and they also held, that to sneeze from the right nostril was a presage of good luck. St. Augustin, in his first book de Doctrina Christiana, mentions that folly of this sort prevailed such to an extent in his time, that it was usual for a person who sneezed when rising in the morning or while in the act of dressing, to return to bed in order to avert the evil omen; and the Jesuit Godingo, in his life of Silveria, a celebrated missionary, who spent a long time in southern Africa, relates that when the king of Menomotapa sneezes his courtiers not only cry out lustily, invoking blessings on his majesty, but speed the salutation from mouth to mouth till the whole region resounds with prayers to avert all sorts of ills from their monarch. The reasons assigned for this custom by Aristotle and others may be reduced to three. First, the pagans regarded the human head as something holy, and the seat of intellect, not only because it is immediately connected with the organs of vision and hearing, but also because Pallas sprang from the brain of Jove; therefore as sternutation proceeds from the organ more immediately connected with the head, so, in their opinion, did the one partake of the divinity of the other.

Secondly, they held that sneezing was a sign of good health; for although the material cause of this effect is not good, nevertheless the effect itself is good, and

<sup>\*</sup> Pope's Translation.

an evidence of health and vigour which enables one to get rid of a peccant or vitious obstruction.

Thirdly, they regarded it as ominous of prosperous or adverse contingencies. Need we say that if the angurs and aruspices, and Aristotle himself, had the good fortune to be familiar with the use of tobacco, a single pinch of snuff would have overturned some of their profoundest theories?

## THE DUBLIN ART EXHIBITION.

TRIENNIALLY for the past five and thirty years the Irish metropolis has been enlivened by the expositions held in connection with the Royal Dublin Society, with the intent to develope the chief natural vegetable and mineral productions of Ireland, in their advance from the crudity of the raw material to the perfect finish of the manufactured article, the machinery which aids these processes, as well as the apparatus of agricultural enterprise, and so to foster the industrial spirit of her people. With the yet vivid memory of that splendid event which, eight years since, made Dublin a universal cynosure, and in anticipation of the London International Exhibition of 1862, the Society this year proposed to vary the field of their action by the formation of departments for the display of all available illustrations of the genius of Art and the mechanism of Science. After many months of solicitous hope and anxious endeavour, their designs were successfully and seasonably accomplished, and the chaos of the treasures which they have enshrined within their walls has gradually subsided before the adjusting hands of taste. The scope of this Exhibition is so much smaller than that of its precursor, that it would manifestly be derogatory to the designs of its promoters, as well as unfair to the zealous efforts of those entrusted with their execution, to institute a comparison of the present with the recollection of the past\_of the fait accompli of May 1861 with the achievement of May 1853. However, expositions such as this, whether their site be on the banks of the Liffey or of the Thames, of the Seine or of the Neva, of the Hudson or of the Ganges, whether they be metropolitan or provincial, of a magnitude requiring acres, or of a parvity for which roods suffice, whether structures as crystal and fairy-like as that prototype of the Hyde Park Industrial Palace of 1851 limned in the previsions of pleasant old Geoffrey Chaucer nearly five hundred years ago, or edifices less frail and transparent in their material, and imposing in their coup d'œil, are too cosmopolitan in character to admit of comparisons which might lead to conclusions as erroneous as premature. In any and every clime they serve as progression-gauges to mark the intellectual and industrial advance of the human race—the Ariels that put the golden cestus of Trade around the earth, and we know that

"Art thrives most
Where Commerce has enriched the busy coast;
He catches all improvements in his flight,

Spreads foreign wonders in his country's sight; Imparts what others have invented well, And stirs his own to match them or excel. 'Tis thus reciprocating, each with each, Alternately the nations learn and teach."

To what country is to be attributed the merit of origiginating exhibitions designed to encourage the application of Art to Industry, it would be difficult to determine. So far back as the year 1754, the Society of Arts in London projected displays for the promotion of this object with such gratifying results, that the example was followed not long after by the Royal Dublin Society. In France, in 1797, an exposition of Gobelin tapestries, carpets of the Savonnerie, and manufactures in Sèvres china, was held in the then unoccupied palace of St. Cloud, and this was succeeded in the ensuing year by another of a more artistic character in the Champ de Mars. These may be regarded as the first national institutions of the kind, and the advantages which accrued from them in the popularisation of art-industry was at once recognised. The present century is 'par excellence' the age of these treasure-houses of whatever thought and labour contribute towards the world's civilization and luxury, but far from having arrived at their culmination, they are receiving daily the addition of some more comprehensive element. They are the objectinstructors of the millions, in which whatever is novel in art or science, in utility or fashion, find a place, and as the eye is more apt in receiving educational impressions than the ear, blind indeed must they be who cannot study their inculcations to advantage.

For its dimensions there is a positive embarras de richesses in the Fine Arts Exhibition of 1861. With many chefs d'œuvres of the atelier and the studio, we find pictures which are the result of the application of scientific discovery, and examples of every matériel capable of being wrought into forms of beauty and utility by the tool of the sculptor or the cunning of the chemist. Here the precious metals glister in all the exquisite and graceful shapes that highly-cultivated taste and skilled manipulation can elaborate in jewellery and bijouterie, while the utilitarian and decorative adaptability of the coarser metals is evidenced in the admirably-conceived and deftly-wrought articles that minister to the everyday necessities and luxuries of society. There the eye is relieved by specimens of ceramic manufacture, remarkable for their grace of outline and aptness of ornature. The products of the loom and of the mill, too, are worthily represented. Textile fabrics in all their varieties, from filmy muslin to costliest silks, and tabinets and poplins, carpets of the most intricate woofs and richest dyes, and laces that rival gossamer, attract attention, and testify to the delicate taste and dexterous handicraft of the designers and manufacturers. If deficient in that stupendous sort of beauty necessary to produce great effects, and to awe the mind of the visitor, this parterre of art charms by its elegance and lightness, and compactness. Upon the occasion of the inaugural ceremony in particular, the tout ensemble was singularly

talent, he refers with as much truth as discrimination to

the force and vigour with which the Rev. Mr. Potter

has seized upon the vast debateable ground which lies

open to the writer of Catholic fiction, between the sen-

sual and the ethical. As an ordinary rule, religious

novels are about the most stupid things under the sun.

picturesque and impressive. The sun brimming the building with an atmosphere of gold, the silver columns of the fountains raining into their tazzas with an unceasing musical cadence, the brilliant hues of the summer dresses of the ladies, the hum of conversation, the tread of a thousand feet, the solemn strains of Handel and Mozart magnificently thundered forth from Bevington's superb organ,

"While fifty voices in one strand did twist Their vari-coloured tones, and left no want To the delighted soul, which sank abyssed In the warm music-cloud;"

and at intervals the exhilarating symphonies of an efficient orchestra, materially enhanced the aspect of a scene of surpassing animation and splendour, and affected one with a pleasure altogether independent of

So far we believe this exhibition has commanded a financial success adequate to its noble aim, and to the enthusiasm and patriotism of its projectors. Certainly the denizens of the metropolis and its environs have not been tardy in availing themselves of its advantages, and when the facilities of access are greater as regards cheap railway and steam-boat excursions, the influx of visitors from the provinces, the sister kingdoms, and the Continent, will, doubtless, be found commensurate with its attractions and deserts.

## LITERARY NOTICE.

## "THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER."\*

If the large amount of unlimited praise which may happen to be bestowed upon a work is to be taken as a fair criterion of its success, we think that the author of "The Rector's Daughter" has every reason to be satisfied with the success of his new work. It has, in fact, received so much praise from the press, and that under every point of view-its style, plot, language, and delineation of character-that little more is left to us than to endorse the favourable sentiments of our contemporaries, and cordially recommend the book before us to the notice of such of our readers as may not yet have seen it. We can confidently say of it that it is a book which they may safely put into the hands of their children, for, coming as it does from the pen of a clergyman, as might be expected, it does not contain a word or sentiment which can offend the most fastidious mind. At the same time we can say for it (and this is more than we can affirm of all books that may be pronounced merely safe), that it will interest and amuse, and, more than all, edify. In a review of the work before us from the pen of a contemporary of established ability and

Duffy, Dublin and London. 1861.

same kind. trust that its success will be such as to compel its author soon to issue a second edition of his work, and encourage him to continue his labours in the cause of Catholic literature, where we shall be delighted to meet him again, if circumstances allow him to persevere in the path on which he has entered. + " The Rector's Daughter," a Tale; by Rev. Thomas POTTER, Author of "The Two Victories," etc. James

and there are very few of us who are gifted with perseverance enough to wade our weary way through them. On the other hand, we certainly tremble to place most of the current literature of the day in the hands of our children, beginning and ending, as it does, with the mere animal passions; having the excitement of these passions for its one sole scope. Between these two extremes lies open a broad path to the Catholic fictionist. It is one upon which comparatively few venture; but when one who is duly qualified to do so, does make the venture and comes out of it successfully, we rejoice, not only for the success of the enterprising authe imposing vision around them. thor, but for the boon which has been conferred upon our body. The work before us is pre-eminently of this character. Recognizing God and His connection with the events of every-day life, and speaking of His action upon the lives of men as an ordinary thing, there is, nevertheless, in "The Rector's Daughter" no parade of religion, no forcing of moral sentiments and devout sayings down our throats, like a pill, a gilded pill, perhaps, but still a pill. Founded upon fact, blent with only so much of fiction as was necessary to form, polish, and give enchantment to the links of the narrative, we are E. M'M. certain that few of our readers who have once taken it up, will be able to lay down this charming volume until they have reached the end. The narrative is wonderfully true and vigorous in its delineation of character; and describes with terrible accuracy the remorse springing from a conscience wounded with the worst of all evils-the abandonment of faith. When we say that it is a model of easy, graceful, and classical composition, we are saying no more than was to be expected, holding, as its author does, the chair of literature in our great Missionary College of All Hallows. We have seen an exception taken to one part of the work, where the author interrupts his story in some degree, and introduces an imaginary critic. This may be a matter of taste, but, at all events, our author follows the example of no less an authority in the matter than Thackeray, whose writings are full of episodes of the "The Rector's Daughter" is brought out in Mr. Duffy's best style, and forms a valuable and elegant addition to every Catholic family circle, or library. We